THE LOOKING GLASS

The Crane Classics

The Looking Glass

By

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By Dr. Frank Crane

TO
DAPHNE

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THE LOOKING GLASS

THE LOOKING-GLASS

THE other day I stood in a hotel lobby looking at a man. I had only a side view of his face. I glanced into a mirror in front of him, however, and was surprised to see how different he appeared.

The fact is, when you get around to another side of any person, any thing, any idea, or any emotion, it is not the same.

The truth is never all in one mind. Each is limited by his standpoint. Only an omnipotent eye, which could see all sides of anything at once, could be called truthful.

That is why travel, culture, wide reading, and all forms of experience improve the judgment. The youth sees more clearly perhaps than the man, but he has not moved about so much.

The items of religious belief are often much more clean-cut in a narrow, provincial, uneducated mind than in the mind of the cultured person; but it does not follow that the narrower vision is the truer.

As the world is deepening in wisdom, accumulating the facts of science, tasting all forms of literature and art, developing by travel the cos-

mopolitan spirit, and altogether growing out of provincialism into universality, it is losing the sharpness of its former sectarianism. That does not imply that it is losing its faith.

One reason why people in medieval times had such clear, distinct beliefs is that they read little and traveled less. They lived their lives out in the town where they were born. They never saw the truth except from one angle, and naturally supposed that they who saw it from another angle were heretics and accursed.

Nowadays all nations and tribes are being woven together in a mighty world-loom, of which the railway trains and ocean liners and telegraph messages are the shuttles.

It takes the whole of humanity to reflect correctly the truth of heaven. No one sect nor cult can see that truth as it is.

I should like to live a hundred years from now, to see what the world-view of destiny and morals will be, when China, India, and Japan have thoroughly mixed their ideas with ours, and when out of the welter the fittest shall survive.

"In the Pitti Palace at Florence," says a writer upon art, "there is a statue, standing alone in its naked beauty, in the centre of a many-sided salon, paneled with mirrors, in which it is reflected at once in every different aspect, and in each, though differently, yet truly, as long as the mirror be clear and unwarped. And such is truth."

Literature is such a many-sided mirror. Slowly

by the million flashes of truth emerges the yet vague conception of the truth, never to be grasped by one mind, comprehensible only by the vast universal mind of man.

Not a man, but mankind, can see God as He is.

THE SECRECY OF GOODNESS

THE older I grow, and the more experience is added to my store, studied and classified, the more I approach the belief that it is the law of goodness to conceal itself, and it is the law of badness to expose itself.

The common instincts of the whole world are very true; and the world has always been a bit suspicious of professed goodness.

I am far from believing that all men who make a show of righteousness, and call themselves good and pure, are hypocrites; but it seems to me they would do better to say nothing.

For one's goodness is the most secret, shy, and sensitive part of him. It is like the little girl of six who will not come into the room and be introduced to company, but runs away and hides, in a panic of modesty.

On the contrary the best people I have known seem willing to publish the very worst of themselves. They admit faults freely, and if accused of kindness or a noble deed they seem abashed.

This, therefore, is the inherent law of goodness that it should hide itself in the cellars of the soul.

The twin-sister of goodness is modesty, without whom she is frightened.

When Jesus said we should not let one hand know the other hand's deed of mercy, that we should pray in secret, and not give our alms on the street corner, he was not so much giving a command as he was showing how thoroughly he understood the nature of goodness and the human heart.

To confess our sins is helpful; our goodness shrinks from confession.

This being true, it comes about that all men are much better than they seem to be.

Down in the bottom of every heart lurks a store of heroism, beauty, and nobility which if we could see would dazzle us.

That is why love has no reason. One loves simply because, being dumbly conscious that in himself are resources of goodness, he also feels with the soul's antennæ and sees with the soul's eye that the beloved is also secretly good.

The real history of the human race goes on underneath appearances. Souls meet in the dark and recognize each other's angelic nature.

Whoever loathes and condemns any man utterly is only accusing himself of spiritual blindness.

God, who can see, loves all.

THE CROOKED STREET

THE city is a home.

It is not only a place to make money in; it is a place to live in.

Hence, why not have it homey, cosy, and attractive, as we have our houses?

We are already coming up to this. We have parks and fountains and statues. But we are still a long way off.

We still erect office buildings, each without reference to its neighbor, with no architectural harmony, hit and miss, individualism run mad. We have unsightly slums. We have hideous rows of apartment buildings, about as attractive in outward appearance as soldiers' barracks, and inside hardly as comfortable. Our cities are scraggly, helter-skelter, ugly blotches on the landscape.

Where humanity coagulates ought to be the acme of art and beauty, the triumph of human joy and loveliness. It is not. It is the triumph of bad taste, lawless competition, blatant advertising, a place to go when you have to, and to leave when you can.

The charm of some of the old towns of Europe consists in that they look as if somebody lived there and loved them. The modern parts of Eu-

ropean capitals, to be sure, are almost as hideous as Chicago or Omaha, but the back streets are attractive. There are crooked, narrow ways over the river in Paris that look human, and funny passages and nooks in ancient London, and beloved haunts in Florence, while the lesser towns of Avignon and Nimes, Subiaco, Rothemburg, Regensburg, and the like really have the appearance of human habitations.

Why not get back to this, at least to what of good there is in it? All of existing New York and Boston and St. Louis will have to be taken down a hundred years from now; why not begin now to plan the city-to-come, and build something beautiful for our children's children?

We lack the civic feeling. We are living in the fag-end of the world-movement of competition. The problem of the twentieth century is to get together.

We cannot go back to that medieval solidarity of feeling that made the feudal towns charming, for that feeling arose from immobility, lack of transportation. But we can go on to a new solidarity and the unity of democracy.

And the thing most to keep in mind is that the real charm of a city is not its proud public buildings, but the beauty of its common houses and back streets.

Above all, let us have some crooked streets, so that we may imagine we are at home and not in a penal colony.

TWO WOMEN SEWING

For genuine soul-satisfying communion and joy of talk I know nothing that seems more perfect than that time when one woman brings her sewing and drops in to spend the afternoon with another woman. I say seems, for of course I never tried it. I am versed enough in womanly arts to be able to cook a bit; that is, I can fry you a fair plateful of ham and eggs and make real coffee, but sewing is beyond me.

There must be only two women. A third is a restraint.

When the two get settled in their respective rocking-chairs, and the sewing materials are brought forth, then begins the most ideal bubbling of human speech.

The children are at school, the men folks are at business, the hired girl is out, no one is by to say them nay.

They talk. It is real talk. It is not talk about anything, it is just talk, in its freest form. It is perfect self-expression.

Neither wishes especially to hear what the other has to say; each wishes to say her own say.

They think of so many things, and so fast, that

sometimes they are both talking at the same time, like a grand opera duet.

They say whatever pops into their minds. Their range is bounded not by the bounds of the universe.

They say what they would not say at any other time and place, what they would not tell their husband or children or mother.

If they treat of scandal, it is in its most artistic, appetizing form. But they do not speak of whispered matters nearly as much as they are supposed to, and when they do it is with so purely a feminine touch that it is almost antiseptic.

They discuss their bodies, their souls, their babies, their husbands, their maids, their diseases, and their neighbors. They analyze the preacher, the school teacher, the grocer, and the milkman.

They relate how Jennie wears out her stockings and Mildred cannot eat pastry, the felon on Bobby's finger, and the way Mrs. Humperdinck's last gown is made. They also give judgment on politics, literature, art, society, and religion.

There is an air of eternity about the sitting. There is an atmosphere of universality and electricism here you find nowhere else.

It is the most natural forthputting of personality you can discover anywhere in Nature, except it be the twittering of two birds.

Men are not capable of this free outpour in conversation. So much the worse for them.

THE TEAKETTLE

Of all the little sounds that have their say to the human soul as it lingers its allotted days upon this earth, none means quite so much of rest and peace, cosiness and cheer, as the singing of the teakettle.

May the Lord help all those unfortunate children who have been brought up in hotels or elsewhere, where they have never had the privilege of slipping out into the kitchen, sitting adream in a chair and hearing the kettle burst into its purring song.

It is a wayward, wandering melody the kettle sings, mysterious as wind-music in trees, as fire-crackling on the hearth, as bee-droning and brook-gurgling; strange and tuneful as life itself.

It is the most optimistic of all noises. It says to the heart of man that all will be well, father's coming home, mother's about to get supper, and the boys and girls are waiting, hungry and happy. Who could believe hard and cruel things, or be the least bit afraid of the devil and all his works, with that sweet, wavering, rising song in his ears?

It means home.

All the joy, the intimacy, the protection, the

fellowship, the love and laughter of home is in that noise.

When I am about to die, and shiver at the dread loneliness of the unknown before me, sing me no artful hymns, and make me no speeches of well-meant platitudes, but put on the kettle and let my soul go home to breakfast in eternity with that homiest of noises whispering human cheer and hope.

THE KING'S WAGE

THERE is a country spot in Italy by the shore of the Mediterranean where the king sometimes goes in summer to rest. Here he wears very plain clothes and a cap like any other man. He often walks about alone.

One day he overtook little Anna Carducci upon the road. She was carrying the baby in one arm and a basket of oranges in the other. She was ten and the baby was two years old.

"Are you not tired, little one?" asked the king.

"Yes, sir." Anna smiled at him, as she smiled at everybody. She did not know who he was, but she was not afraid of him. She was not afraid at all, so she was always cheerful. "I have come from Mother Aureli's, and that is a long way."

"Why do you not set the child down and let him walk?"

"He would get all dirty. He loves to crawl better than to walk. I must keep him clean."

"Do you take care of him?"

"Yes, sir. My mother works, and my father works. I look after the baby and the house."

"May I not carry him awhile?"

Anna looked doubtful. "Are you sure you know how to hold a baby?"

"Oh, yes!" The king laughed. "I have babies of my own."

He took the child, who was in no way displeased with his new perch, which was higher. The baby was remarkably pretty, a laughing, happy creature, and pointed and prattled and smiled at everything.

By and by they reached Anna's home. The king set the baby down.

It was a most rude and bare house, for Anna's folks were poor.

"I thank you very much, sir," said Anna. "And I will give you an orange for your trouble."

She selected a large one. The king took it.

Just then two of his aides came walking swiftly up. The king motioned them to silence.

"These are two of my friends, Anna. Gentlemen, this is Anna Carducci, who is a sweet and faithful little mother."

Anna smiled radiantly upon the gentlemen and made her best bow.

As they were turning away, one of the men handed Anna a gold piece.

"I thank you," she said, "but my father says one should never take any money that has not been earned."

The king laughed. "That for you, Vincenzo!" he cried. "You have met one honest woman in the world. May I keep my orange then, Anna?"

"Oh, yes! You have earned that by carrying Tomaso," she said.

"Then," said the king, "may God and all the saints bless you, little woman! And I would I were as honest a soul as you. To God, little mother!"

"To God, signore!" said Anna, smiling.

And did the king send around next day to Anna a whole cartload of oranges and a purse of gold? Not at all! Victor was a wise man and human, and would not spoil the imperial beauty of the child's deed.

THE PEOPLE

"THE art of arts is the art of government," runs an old saying.

For several thousand years this art has been followed. Progress in it has been small.

The king of England knows not much more about it than the kings of Nineveh knew.

The superiority of the king of England consists, not in his better knowledge of governing, but in the fact that he does not govern the people at all, but lets them govern themselves.

The truth that is emerging, after centuries of experiment, is that there is no such thing as "the art of governing."

Not the wisest man in the world, not the best, strongest and noblest man, is competent to govern the people. The responsibility of rule can justly rest only upon the shoulders of the people themselves. No man was ever created who is fit to be trusted with that burden.

The governing class idea is also fiction. Thinkers of yesterday were fond of saying that the best element ought to govern the populace. Thinkers of to-day have discovered that this will not work. No class, just as no individual, is worthy to be entrusted with rule.

There is only one body qualified to rule, and that is the entire body politic.

To be sure, every quack and pettifogger prates of his love for "the peepul." Every criminal trust and every venal politician boasts of its subserviency to the dear people. But don't let that deceive you. They wouldn't all lay claim to a thing that is not good in itself.

The fact is that the people, the whole people, are wiser than any one man or class, have more common sense, more courage, more prudence, and better morals.

We are learning that "great men" are not the roots of popular progress, but the flower. Shakespeare was the crest of the wave. Luther was one who would have been unknown without the many inspired by the same ideas.

"No single man," is the much-quoted saying of Schiller, "can vie with the individual Athenian for the prize of manhood." To be sure; yet though we produce no finer individuals we have a better society, the harmony of whose existence "does not depend upon the employment of slaves, upon eunuchs, and the seclusion of women."

"The world," said Dr. Martin Luther, "is ruled by God through a few heroes and pre-eminent persons." Which is a clear statement of what is not true.

For the world is ruled by itself. The progress of government is toward eliminating the leader, toward emphasizing the masses.

We are natural hero-worshippers, because we naturally personify forces, in order to understand them, by making them simpler.

But whoever would grasp the meaning of the twentieth century should study not kings and noted men, but the commons.

The people, their level is rising everywhere, to submerge all peaks.

THE ART OF BEING CHEERFUL

To Oliver Edwards rests the undying fame of having once got the better of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Kings and maharajahs upon their thrones have been rebuked by prophets, and tsars have been made to hear the free speech of nobodies, and Their Magnificences have let the rebuke pass, because of the cleverness or the fearlessness of the rebuker, but only one man seems to have out-Johnsoned Johnson, and that to his very face.

"You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson," said Edwards. "I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but I don't know how; cheerfulness was always breaking in."

By virtue of that candid confession, says E. V. Lucas, he takes his place with "the shining company of simple souls, the hierarchy of the ingenuous."

For there is one thing better than to question the world; it is to accept the world.

The most fortunate people upon the globe are they who have in themselves a perennial fountain of cheer.

We do almost everything for our children. We leave them lands and homes, teach them Latin and

trigonometry, buy them clothes, and angle to get them profitably married; but the one thing we might do for them that would enrich their existence is to teach them the art of being cheerful.

And if so be that it is not an art, but that it is bred in the bone, then the attention of eugenists should be drawn to the science of the inbreeding of cheerfulness.

The cheerful soul is a godsend to every family, he is good for a meeting and a first choice in affairs of friendship. He comes upon us like a water-carrier who enters a thirsty Arab village, like rain upon the shipwrecked and athirst on a raft in the salt sea, like a burst of sunshine after a month in London.

The only persons he offends are they who need to be cuffed for their crankiness.

I say no word against the making of monuments to generals, who most successfully compassed the slaughter of human creatures, and of stained glass windows to saints who helped sensitize the conscience of us all, and of mural tablets to the scientists who cracked our faith and to the theologians who mended it, but I think it would be better if in every ward and village there could be set up memorials of the few citizens who, in all the wallow of business and reform, just remained cheerful, and scattered away the microbes of morbidity from a small part of this mullygrubbing world.

THE HIGHER PROBABILITIES

It is not facts that save men; it is probabilities.

The greatest truths, in the realm of human destiny, are not demonstrable. You cannot prove them, you must believe them.

The highest laws of life are inherently dubitable.

You cannot be certain about whether your beloved loves you in the same way you are certain about a piece of cloth being a yard wide.

You can never know that it pays to be honest in the same way you know that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen.

You cannot know that virtue is best for you, that purity of mind will bring you happiness and power, in any such fashion as you know that there are a dozen apples in a box, where you may count them and see them.

It is impossible to prove there is a God, and that He is good, as you can prove that the square of the long side of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

The evidence that the soul lives on after the death of the body is not at all the kind of evidence that there is such a city as Paris.

If you could prove these things of the spirit

mathematically they would be of no use to you.

Nothing you know for an absolute certainty has power to do you good, because such things impose upon your mind like dead matter. Only those truths which call forth your faith and will-to-believe are potent to help your character.

Moral truth, redemptive, life-giving, does not strike you like a brick, it quickens you like a medicine.

The most important things you have to deal with are necessarily subject to doubt. For it has more to do with your joy or sorrow, whether your beloved loves you than whether boards are level or stones square; it means more to you to believe in honesty, virtue, purity, God, and the life hereafter than it does to know all the laws of steam and steel.

It's the uncertainties of life that count.

To know how to weigh probabilities is more vital than to know how to measure accuracies.

"Philosophical truths," says Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, "have value only as they are disputable; they do not affect your reason like the axioms of geometry; their very power to save or ruin a man lies in the fact that they may always be freely accepted or freely rejected."

All moral truths have two marks of force: First, they arouse opposition, which proves their force of resistance; second, they stimulate thought, emotion, and action, which attests their fecundity.

A truth nobody denies is of no spiritual use.

THE CIRCLE OF JOY FOREVER

MEN create nothing. They discover. That is all.

All truth, all beauty, all righteousness, are in Nature. Nature, of course, includes man.

The poet is but a seer. What he sees has been there all the while.

The poet is a soul with an eye.

The artist discovers, that is, he makes us perceive what was to us veiled. He removes covers.

Animals imitate. So do we; only it is a higher quality of imitation. We imitate, assimilate, reproduce.

What we actually do, when we are supposed to invent something, is to go to the stuffed store-house of Nature and find out something. The Germans say "erfindet," finds out.

"Quod invenitur, fuit," said Tertullian. "What is invented, was."

In the realm of art our most extravagant fancies are poor beside the realities of Nature.

The great sculptor, Auguste Rodin, says:

"Man is incapable of creating. He can only approach Nature submissively, lovingly. Nothing will take the place of persevering study. To it alone the secret of life delivers itself. Give your

life patiently, passionately to understanding life. What profit, if you come indeed to understand! You will be in the circle of joy forever.

"To see, to understand—truly to see! Would one recoil before the necessary effort, before the indispensable apprenticeship, however long and laborious, if he foresaw the happiness of understanding?"

We are placed in a world full not only of food for our bodies but of nourishment and delectation for our minds.

The universe is rich in toothsome laws, radiant harmonies, secrets of happiness and power, treasures of joy, of intoxicating beauty.

Go to, and eat, and let your soul delight itself in fatness!

There are other Venuses of Melos, Monna Lisas, and Botticelli Primaveras; other Iliads, Twenty-third Psalms, and Odes to the Skylark; other Parsifals, and Ninth Symphonies; why do we not find them?

Some youth with divine fire mixed in his clay, may read this.

Listen to me, O youth! Go into the wilderness awhile and learn the message of mountains, of stars, and desert souls, of trees and shy wild creatures; and put your ear against the breasts of cities and hear their heartbeats; drink deep of the waters of democracy. Then sing to us, paint for us, write for us, and our hearts shall burn within us.

FECUND MINDS

THERE are minds also which beget.

As Abraham had a body-progeny that was as the sands of the sea for number, so Giotto, Goethe, and Bacon were patriarchs of the mind with offspring innumerable.

In the swarm of human animals almost all are sexed; in the hive of human brains most are sterile, only here and there is one procreative.

During my life I have met about four people whose minds made my mind fruitful. To know them was to become fecund with ideas.

I have many, too many, books in my library; I could carry in my arms at one load all that have been true husbands to my soul.

Once when the Master was talking to the people, one said to him that his mother and his brethren were without desiring to speak with him; but he answered and said unto him that told him:

"Who is my mother? And who are my brethren?"

And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said:

"Behold my mother and my brethren!"

So there are consanguinities of the spirit. I have psychic fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles, and cousins, ancestors and posterity; with which bodies have nothing to do.

We meet these higher relatives quite by chance, that is to say, by the designing of fate. Our minds meet as starlight with starlight.

Most wonderful of all are those intellectual or spiritual Abrahams who become founders of new families.

Think of the spiritual children of Aristotle, of Descartes, of Darwin, of Kant, of Rousseau!

The real government of souls is a theocracy, a rule by special King-men God raises up. Our democracies are but preparations for this true aristocracy; they clear the ground of artificial Heroes and Magnificent Ones only in order that the true Kings and Emperors of souls may appear.

If we glance over history we see a few of these towering Fathers. They outrank common men almost as common men outrank beasts. Theirs are the minds that "glorify nature," as Goethe says in his "Wander Jahre," minds without which "the outer world would remain cold and lifeless."

Plato's theory of ideas fathers the thought of the twentieth century; almost every new speculation or system is in a measure sprung from it.

Democritus's theory of atoms, though altered fundamentally, is still the hen-mother of most scientific modern chick-theories.

How fecund Moses, Siddhartha, Confucius, Mahomet, Calvin, Wesley! Aside from whether they be right or wrong, consider their immense power of spiritual propagation!

KEEPING YOUNG

It is right to be fearful of growing old. Nobody should grow old. We should all be happier if we would remain young.

And the beauty of it is one can be young as long as he pleases. For youth is not a matter of ruddy cheeks and nimble legs, but of the spirit. A grandmother, with wrinkled cheeks and white hair can be as young as a girl of fifteen.

The things that age the spirit can be fought off by the will.

Fear is ageing. It dries the blood, unstrings the nerves, palsies the thought. Courage keeps the soul young.

Convention makes one old. Constantly looking about us to see what others are doing, and gauging our feelings, opinions, and habits by what "they say," gradually takes the sap out of life. A certain amount of conformity is necessary, but we should be careful to keep the reserves of personality free. It is very easy to become smothered and senile under the pressure of fashion.

Want of faith speedily kills the youthfulness in us. The very freshness of the fountain of youth is belief. When you feel you have no more

confidence in yourself, no more trust in others, no more credence in the great moral forces of good in the world, it means that your spiritual teeth are loose and dropping, your spiritual hands weak and shaky, and your spiritual legs rheumatic.

To retain youth you must cultivate and preserve your power to enjoy simple things. As our forms of pleasure become complex and expensive the soul becomes stiff and cramped. To love simple food and drink, simple methods of play, simple speech, and above all the manifest simplicities of nature, makes red blood.

Resist the inroads of pessimism. It means the twilight of the soul, and the empty night.

Whoever has ceased to wonder has become old. It may be said of him as of Ephraim, "Gray hairs are here and there upon him and he knoweth it not." There can be no youthfulness without awe and reverence. The knowing person, the sophisticated person, is simply the prematurely aged.

It is mystery and the unknown that constitute the fountain of eternal youth. It is the sky and stars, the ocean and mountain, and the unplumbed depths of thought that lie around our little island of knowledge, it is this circumambient infinite that feeds youth into the soul.

Says Robert S. Service in his "Prelude":

. . . Yet bring I in my work an eager joy,
A lusty love of life and all things human;
Still in me leaps the wonder of the boy,
A pride in man, a deathless faith in woman.

Still red blood calls, still rings the valiant fray;
Adventure beacons through the summer gloaming:
Oh, long and long and long will be the day
Ere I come homing.

AMUSEMENTS

"On the other hand," writes an English essayist (but why say English when you can see Englishness sticking out all over the quotation?), "not to be accustomed to expensive amusements implies that one has lived among people of narrow means, so that most of those who have social ambition are eager to seize upon every opportunity for enlarging their experience of expensive amusements in order that they may talk about them afterward, and so affirm their position as members of the upper class."

Ouch!

We smile at seeing the case stated so baldly, yet nine out of ten of us are guilty. The strange fact is that the one department of life upon which senseless custom gets the tightest cinch is our amusements.

When the average man goes to Europe and does the grand tour, he doesn't loaf around, hunt for what he likes and enjoy what he pleases. He hasn't time. Every minute is employed in seeing what he expected to see and going places so that he may "talk about it afterward."

When he goes out to play, his games are set for

him; he must play golf, polo, or fox-hunting; if he stays indoors it must be billiards or auction bridge.

It gives one such a soothing sense of being really among the exclusive set, just to mention those games.

I do not share in the condemnation of such sports upon the grounds that they are childish and that grown men should be sawing wood or clipping coupons. The trouble is they are not childish. No child would play them.

And we would get a lot more fun out of hide-and-seek, pussy-wants-a-corner, rounders, leap-frog, and prisoner's base, if we could get any one our size to play with us.

As I remember, these were games that used to set me wild with pleasure, until I became too tall and fat to play them.

Of all the abominations upon the surface of the globe, the fashionable summer-resort hotel is A1. To think of importing all the dressery and snippery of the winter's games of precedence out into the woods! To think of having to observe the arbitrary customs of society when you want to fish, swim, and dig your toes in the sand!

THE ARISTOCRAT OF PLEASURE

It is not by his station in life, by his birth, or his dress, his speech or his manners, that you can tell whether or not a man is a true aristocrat; it is by his pleasures.

The only real aristocracy, rather the only worthy one, is the aristocracy of pleasure.

All persons may be ranged in the scale that runs from coarseness to fineness. We grade from the animal to the soul.

The aristocrat of soul is the being that has the art of extracting pleasure from all that happens to him, all that surrounds him. It is not because he has adopted some optimistic creed and says "I will be happy." It is because by nature and by culture he has learned how to make the universe minister to his life and not sap it or destroy it.

He eats discriminatingly, every meal is also a feeding of his soul; so of all the bodily sensations, he knows how to indulge them with just that touch of niceness and self-control that redeem them from grossness and finds their flavor.

He meets no human being that does not add to his interest in life; he knows how to extract the helpfulness from all enforced intimacies, as of

wife, child, and all relatives, and to avoid the depression or friction these give to commoner mortals.

He has that rare receptivity that misses no message of nature, a wild rose, a rainy day, clouds, animals, deserts, and cities. Nothing strikes him brutally in the inevitable; even tragedy, sickness, and death somehow seem to unfold to him a divine aroma which we cannot detect.

There are such souls on earth, always have been, and always will be, the latchet of whose shoes we are not worthy to unloose.

THE FEAR OF DECIDING

A YOUNG man wrote me the other day and after describing his circumstances asked me to tell him whether to go on in his present position or to accept a certain offer of another.

A woman called upon me, a tired, defeated looking woman, with her story of a husband who regularly got drunk and beat her, and of a son who was under the spell of a wicked siren. Would I please explain to her just what to do?

A man sixty-five years old wrote me stating he had been a bookkeeper all his life and now was breaking down. He needed a rest. Should he spend his little savings on a vacation, with the probability of losing his job, or should he continue at his desk?

A woman wrote me of her domestic problem and wanted to know if I would advise her to leave her husband.

I mention these things for a purpose. It is to show how prone we are to find some one upon whom we may shift the responsibility in life's crises.

We might go so far as to lay it down that re-

sponsibility is the thing people dread most of all. Yet it is the one thing in the world that develops us, gives us manhood or womanhood fibre.

Because people shun responsibility they are willing to slump into routine clerkship and safe jobs, where they become mere machines. It is they who "get out and hustle," unafraid, who grow up with souls firm and sound.

The worst calamity that can befall a human being, perhaps, is a life position.

The virile characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race is their willingness to accept responsibility. So they become pioneers, rulers, conquerors.

The last thing a weak personality wants to do is to decide.

Even in family and business affairs we reach out for some one to lean on.

Worst of all we continually seek to prevent our children from acting upon their own judgment and call them "good" when they run to us for every decision.

Children, on the contrary, should be trained to form their own opinions and to take the consequences of their own actions. To have a quick-acting, dependable judgment is better than a world of negative moralities.

Solve your own problems! Better solve them poorly than let another solve them well.

Let every tub stand on its own bottom! Don't lean.

Settle your own love affair or marriage per-

plexity. Fight out your own spiritual battle with doubt and superstition. Carry on your own business in your own way.

Don't be afraid! Fear means destruction. It makes the hand tremble and the mind waver. Think over your situation. Decide on what you ought to do. You can never be certain it is right. You must weigh probabilities, which is all that the best of us can do.

Then go ahead, "trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry."

Better play the man and fail than be a mouse and succeed.

ON BEING ENTERTAINED

THAT form of human mosquito I most dread is the person who tries to entertain me.

There is one house where I visit with the extremest pleasure. When I go there to spend a few days I am shown my room, everything for my comfort is placed at my disposal, and then I am let alone. When I descend to the sitting room the hostess does not feel bound to leave her housewifely duties, hasten to me, and work away at keeping the conversation going. My host goes about his business as if I were not there. They give no dinners nor receptions in my honor. They do not sit up nights planning for me how I shall spend every minute of my time.

I can rummage in the library for hours. I needn't come to meals unless I want to. I am made to feel that no special dishes have been cooked for me, and that if I don't eat them I am offending. I am simply adopted, for the period of my stay, into that family; and I am presented with the best gift that or any other family has, to wit: the privilege of doing as I please.

I suppose some might call this selfishness, and

insist that it would be better for my hosts and myself to exert ourselves to render each other happy. But it is all in the way you look at it. This particular family and I both find a deal more solid comfort in each other's freedom from all restraint than we would find in entertaining each other to extinction. So we are comfortably selfish instead of being wretchedly unselfish.

When I go to a house where there are small children, and find the living room into which I am ushered, littered with playthings, the mother can pay me no greater compliment than to refrain from apology; she flatters my intelligence when she assumes as a matter of course that I understand.

Hospitality is the art of enjoying the company of a guest without annoying him. I don't want my plate heaped up with things for which I have no appetite, nor to feel I am hurting my host's feelings when I don't drink his wine nor eat his favorite pie; nor to have the fear that if I should fail to keep up my end of the talk-rattle I should be called glum.

As for me as host, I shall lodge my guest in the best room in the house, every possible convenience shall be placed at his disposal, extra flowers and small unobtrusive attentions shall make him feel he is honored, though I may good-naturedly argue with his religious and political opinions I shall not resent them, I shall treat him with courtesy, never intrude on his privacy, and

above all things I shall study how to strike the golden mean, that is, to make him feel we are always considering his happiness, and at the same time are not boring him with our attentions.

THE BOHEMIAN

THERE is a good and a bad Bohemianism.

The bad Bohemian is one who makes the term mean laziness, shiftlessness, dirt, sexual disorder, disrespect for religion, and an evasion of all his duties to his fellow men.

I know a good Bohemian. He is a literary worker, and his work is the love of his life. Some one approached him the other day to induce him to go into an enterprise whereby he could make $5,000 in a few days. He declined.

"It's out of my line," he said, "it would annoy me, and distract me from what I really care about. Besides, I should probably bungle the matter. I have noticed that when a man who is not a business man goes into a scheme he always overlooks something."

He will not wear a dress suit nor a tall hat. He does not dress slovenly, but he is not what you would call well dressed. His nails are clean, but his shoes often need brushing.

He will not go to a reception or any society affair, although he is often asked. He says he has no objection to such things, for those who like them. They bore him, they depress him, and so he stays away.

He likes best to dine at a certain chop house where he is allowed to smoke his pipe while he sips his beer.

He is one of the most deeply religious natures I know; that is, he is full of reverence, noble enthusiasms, charity of judgment and human sympathy. He will not join a church, however, for the simple reason that it means respectability. It means exclusiveness, in his opinion. It is like joining a club, and clubs he abhors.

The class he shuns are those who are somebody. He prefers the nobodies, as being more human.

He makes about $1,200 a year. He could make $10,000, but he says $1,200 is enough to live on. After he makes that much he can dream, enjoy life, and invite his soul.

He is not held in very high esteem by the best people. The mammas with marriageable daughters shudder at the thought of him. The leading grocer, the judge, the parson, and the manufacturer regard him as a sort of tramp. No one would be surprised to hear of his being haled into the police court; all would say they expected it.

Yet when I talk with him he makes me ashamed, by the purity of his heart, the vigor and incision of his mind, the gentleness of his nature, his real courage, his genuine humility.

He is nothing but a man. Not knowing how to classify him we call him a Bohemian.

THE SIX CLOCK STROKES

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY'S line was:

"We should count time by heart throbs."

Clocks, watches, hourglasses, sun dials, and New Year's days are artificial. Since the clock struck last, or since last year, we may have lived only a minute, or a thousand years. Life sometimes crawls like a snail; sometimes it whizzes like a bullet.

In life's little day there are six hours. There are six crises to be passed, six big facts to which we must adjust ourselves, six sphinx questions full of fate put to us, whose answers mean success or failure. They are as follows:

Sex, religion, education, work, philosophy, old age.

The sex instinct is one of the strongest in the human make-up. Usually the stronger and more forceful the man or woman, the more lively is the sex feeling. It is perhaps the most important matter for a human being to settle.

It cannot be settled by default, by ignorance, by running away. You must learn the physical facts and laws about yourself. Then you must face the question squarely, make up your mind, establish your policy, and stick to it.

The religious question presents itself generally to people in their teens. It is inseparably connected with adolescence. It means, in substance, your relation to the unknown elements of life, to destiny, to the infinite, and to death. It may mean little in your outward life, but it is a vital issue to your inward happiness or misery.

The question of education is a serious one. Not so much your technical training for your trade or calling, but your general grounding in "book-learning," that is, in the accumulated knowledge of the past.

There is hardly a conceivable excuse for a boy or girl not going through the public high school. You can set it down that whoever fails to do this has deducted fifty per cent. from life's efficiency. Better swindle a man out of a hundred thousand dollars than cheat a boy or girl out of his or her schooling.

The choice of one's life-work is a decision that means much. Here the only safe rule is to follow one's natural, inborn inclinations.

Every human being by and by settles down into a certain attitude toward the universe. We call this his philosophy of life. This is different from religion, though doubtless it merges into it. Your philosophy of life determines how you are going to take failure, success, friends and enemies; whether you will be a pessimist or an optimist, an opportunist or a man of principle.

These first five turning points in life are in

childhood. It is the youth under twenty-one who has most to do with the master issues of the man's or woman's career.

The last problem to be solved is old age. How can one best adjust himself to this, the last of life's inevitables? Is it to be sour, crabbed and querulous, or sweet and serene?

These six problems are placed before every human being who lives out the normally allotted time.

These are the real clock-strokes of human life. These are the real mile-stones of progress.

WAYS OF GETTING MONEY

THERE are two ways of getting money; first, getting it from somebody to whom you have given the money's worth; second, getting it without giving the money's worth.

The first way is honest.

As to the second, some varieties are recognized as dishonest, others are still respectable.

Among the ways of getting something for nothing may be mentioned the following:

Robbery. This is the most ancient and honorable art, if rightly understood. To leap out from a dark corner, knock a man on the head, and go through his pockets, is crude; it is a practice followed only by "low-brows," yeggmen, gunmen, bandits, and the like; but for a strong nation to browbeat and loot a weak nation is supposed to be statesmanship.

Finding. As when you pick up 50 cents in the street, or somebody accidentally leaves a thousand-dollar bill in your overcoat pocket. This mode of acquiring wealth is followed mostly by those who are asleep.

Gift. This includes inheritance. It will take another hundred years of democracy for the world

to get to the point where this way of getting money will be seen to be unjust and contrary to the public welfare. Though wrong, it is buttressed by four or five thousand years of precedent.

Stealing: including the arts of burglar, porch climber, and pickpocket. If, however, you object to a gentleman's stealing a railroad worth $40,000,000, you are not considered moral, but an anarchist, or some crazy reformer of the sort.

Swindling; including three-card monte, the shell game, and "get rich quick" stocks.

Gambling. A business where profits depend on luck is gambling. It makes no difference whether you play with stocks and bonds or jacks and sevens.

Making a nuisance of yourself. This embraces the organ grinder, the poor relation, and all others to whom you pay money on condition that they go away.

Borrowing. This is an improvement on swindling because you intend to give it back. It's no trouble to keep on intending.

The only way, however, of getting money so as to have it bring you peace, self-respect, and a clean conscience, is to earn it. This you can do by selling a dollar's worth of apples for one dollar, or by getting a dollar in wages for a dollar's worth of work.

When you get money by giving its equivalent the transaction is closed; you and the universe are quits.

When you get money in any other way at all you

pay for it, in the end, many times more than it's worth; sometimes in money, sometimes in loss of character; always you pay.

When the spirit of democracy shall have had its perfect work, when the tainted ethics of our plundering ancestors shall have been cleaned up, when big business shall have learned justice, and when all ancient frauds shall have been brought to equity, we shall establish the rule universal that money shall only go to the person who earns it.

WATER

THE gospel of the twentieth century is—water.

You have read many a learned treatise, doubtless, including Edmund Demoulin's "Anglo-Saxon Supremacy, to What Is It Due?" in which is sought the cause of the English race overrunning the earth. The real cause is that the Englishman has not been afraid of water. He sails on it, tubs in it, drinks it, even mixes it liberally with his Scotch whiskey.

From the hygienic point of view, there is no medicine like water. About nine-tenths of the ills of the flesh can be washed out.

People go to Hot Springs in Arkansas, to Manitou Springs in Colorado, to Carlsbad, and to Vichy and are cured. They praise the salts in the waters. The truth is the greatest curative property is in the plain water that holds the salts. They might be healed at home if they would drink there as copiously as they do at the spa.

The human body is mostly water. When we die the liquids are dried up.

Drink a large glass of water as soon as you arise in the morning; headache, constipation and physical meanness in general will disappear.

Get the drink habit. Keep a bottle of water by your office desk and go to it often. See how much water you can hold. This is nature's remedy for doldrums, nerves, premonitions and general depression.

Most of the morbidities, anarchies and crimes come from the unwashed, in body or soul.

The root difference between Russia and the United States consists not in the contrast between their respective forms of government, but in the contrast in habits of bathing.

You do not need water that costs money, charged and bottled waters. The liquor that runs from the tap in your kitchen, that flows in the mountain brook, that lies in infinite plenty in the lake, that comes from your well or that falls down from the clouds, is good enough, provided there be no pollution.

Use it. Immerse your body in it. Flush your mouth and nose with it. Swallow it to your capacity. So will all your solid flesh rejoice, your vital organs operate smoothly, your mind clear up, your soul be content.

> And the cares that infest the day
> Will fold their tents like the Arabs
> And silently steal away.

No wine ripened for years in the cellars of Rheims, no concoction produced by the most skilful of chemists in the laboratory, no juice of herbs

or compound of mineral can compare with nature's own beverage and medicine.

It has in its crystal body the simplicity of heaven, which is the vigor of earth.

It is the liquid smile and good will of God.

Without it the bodies of men would die in torment, and all the beauty would pass from hill and meadow, and this globe would spring through space a lifeless hell of fire.

In hell there is no drop of water. In heaven the central charm is the river that flows through the place.

THE ESSENTIALS

THE most marked trait that distinguishes the strong from the weak is the ability to see what is essential and what is non-essential.

The power of the artist is first of all the power of choice, his ability to select from the bewildering complexities of life the one thing that is meaningful.

The modern realistic novel lacks this power. All facts are of equal importance. The slop jar in the house is as worthy to be described as a woman's soul. Hence the dreary, intolerable commonplaceness and the feeling of ennui, tediousness, and cynicism of the average novel published by Tauchnitz.

The cheap reds and yellows of Mrs. Holmes and The Duchess of a former day were better than the sick drabness, the hopelessness and sadness of many modern authors. The former had at least some selective power.

Every great passion is selective. Love chooses, emphasizes. Religion has the same blessed quality of disproportion.

Homer, Dante, Victor Hugo, every undying author, has been like the Parthenon at Athens or

the Cathedral at Cologne, not like the world is or was, but like the world wants to be.

Men are inspired by soaring ideals; they are deadened by the pitiful commonplace.

The master merchant differs from the peddler chiefly in his power to grasp the essentials.

And the strong, victorious life has the same gift, simply the skill to choose what is worth while.

THE NEW TEACHER

At the close of the first day of school the new teacher said:

"Now, children, listen, and I will tell you how I have marked you, and give you my reasons.

"In the first place, I will explain that I do not mark at all upon how well you get your lessons. You may really know much more about the subject than you can tell. Besides, you are not here to get lessons and pass examinations. You are here to grow. So I mark you upon how you show that you are making that kind of effort which forms character.

"Jimmy Fitch I have given a good mark because he was the only one in the room who asked what the word 'syndicate' means. None of the rest of you knew. Why didn't you ask? Asking questions is the best way to learn. Slurring over things you don't understand is the best way to become an ignoramus. If you are not curious it is a sign you are stupid.

"Ettta Rogers gets a good mark because her finger nails are clean. You will find it quite as important when you grow up to have clean finger nails as to know algebra.

"Emma Montgomery is marked 'good' because when a button was torn from her dress playing at recess she took a needle and thread from her desk and sewed it on. Also she carefully picked up the orange peel she had dropped. I would rather have you all learn to clean up your own litter and look after your own clothes than to know how to spell every word in the dictionary.

"Willy Waters I have given a high mark because when I asked him who Napoleon Bonaparte was he said, 'I don't know.' He probably had a vague notion, but he did not seek to deceive me. I want you, when you cannot tell a thing in plain words, not to hem and haw, but to say at once, 'I don't know.' To have an honest mind is better than having a stuffed one.

"Charles Stuart is commended because he stands up straight, sits properly in his seat, and is not otherwise slovenly in his habits.

"When Jennie Jones failed in her spelling the word 'choler' she went to the foot of the class with a smile, and for that she gets a high mark. Some others of you pouted and sulked. There is nothing you can be that is so commendable as to be a good loser. Anybody can succeed pleasantly; it takes a noble nature to fail good naturedly.

"During the day six promises were made me by six pupils. Only one of them, Henry Clark, did what he promised to do. So he has a high rating. When you become men and women and get the habit of promising thoughtlessly and not

keeping your word you will be a nuisance to all those who have to do with you. Do what you say you will do; that is better than being able to bound Illinois or tell the capital of Kamtchatka.

"Now you may run home, children. And remember that in this school there are no rules but two: Do what you think is right and be cheerful. And in case you don't know, ask."

MOULTING

FROM a New York paper the other day I clipped the following:

Rex, giant king cobra and the star of the reptile house at the Bronx Zoo since he was brought from India seven years ago, died yesterday because of the failure of the usual process by which he was wont to shed his skin about twice every year. For four years regularly every Sunday afternoon there would appear at Rex's cage a tall, ascetic-appearing, coppery Hindoo, his thin-featured face framed in long, raven-black hair. He would doff his turban, and, ignoring the crowds, make obeisances and mutter prayers in worship of the cobra. He appeared yesterday, and when he saw that the cage was empty and the snake was dead he knelt at the empty cage and murmured a prayer, interspersing it with low, wailing cries.

Get that picture in your mind's eye—the cobra dead because he could not moult and the heathen man heartbroken before the thing he worshipped, and you will see the symbol of a great truth.

For moulting is necessary not only to feathered fowl and deer and snakes, but also to men's minds.

It is by shedding the dead skin of outgrown ideas that we live; and if we cannot shed we

die, or dry up, which amounts to the same thing.

Any man who has grown intellectually and spiritually can look back and see all along his upward way the cast-off skins of convictions, views and beliefs which once fitted him, but, as he grew, became menaces to his life.

It is a common notion that when one changes his conceptions of the universe, destiny and the meaning of life and death—that is, when he alters the form of his "faith"—it is due to a laxity of morals. A "free-thinker" is supposed to connote that one is loose in morality. That is because that by "morals" we usually mean conformity to custom.

If by morals, however, we mean one's loyalty to his convictions, faithfulness to the truth as he sees it, and a sincere following of the light that appears to him, then one's faith ought to be a constantly growing, and hence changing, thing.

The human race moults. That is the way it progresses. We could not go back now to the ideas of government that prevailed in the year 1000, nor to the ideas of theology that were universally accepted then; nor to the ideas of business, of education, or of play they had in that era.

We have moulted the views of human relationship held by the Puritans; right for their time, they would not be right for ours.

We have moulted monarchy, absolutism, alchemy, astrology, necromancy, witchcraft, and a hundred other dead skins.

We are moulting the idea of competition and trying to form a new skin of co-operation.

We are constantly shedding all notions, whether in the schoolroom, the market place, the legislature, or the church.

If we get rid of our old skin before we have grown mature enough to do so we are in peril. If we do not get rid of it when we have outworn it we are in peril also.

The secret of strength and vitality, either in individual or in social life, is to moult properly.

How many people, bewailing "the dangerous changes" of men's minds, remind us of the poor Hindoo!

IN AN OLD BOOK

In one of the old book stalls that line the quays of the Seine in Paris I picked up a little book. It is of a mottled dark brown leather in binding, that color that speaks age and ripeness in a volume, as gray hairs upon a man. The inside cover pages are marbled and the edges are of brickdust red; the print is large and there are those s's that look like f's in the style of long ago. And the book is all about something so delightfully useless and interesting, to wit:

"Sur les Grands Evénements par les Petites Causeà. Tiré de L'Histoire. A Genève. Et se trouve a Paris. M.DCC.LXIV." Which, being Englished, is to say: "Upon the Great Events Produced by Little Causes. Drawn from History. (Published) at Geneva. And to be had at Paris, 1764."

Within the book are most diverting instances collected by the author. Here are a few of the heads of chapters, and in these titles alone is stimulant to the imagination; each tells a story:

"A Bee Sting is Cause of the Raising of the Siege of a City."

"Some chickens captured by a Priest Cause a Terrible Sedition to be Laid."

"The Naïveté of a Child prevents a Rebellion in France."

"Meat eaten upon a Friday causes the Taking of a City."

"A Woodsaw causes a War."

"Elizabeth, Queen of England, refuses aid to Henry IV. during the League because a French Gentleman says she pronounces the French Language badly."

"The jealousy of a Woman causes the Ruin of a Vast Empire."

"A dispute among Coachmen embroils the Courts of France and Spain, to such a point that they set about to prepare for War."

"An apple is the cause of the Exile of an Empress and of the Death of a Grand Officer."

"A Hare, frightened by a noise, is the cause of Rome's being taken by Assault."

All of which brings to mind the curious reflection we all have had, how that great issues seem to turn upon small hinges; how that a man may stub his toe and stumble into fame; how that a pinprick may destroy a life, a glance disrupt a home, and a small word undo a kingdom.

All this, however, is more apparent than real. This world is not ordered by luck. The great laws are true. Only we understand but imperfectly what the great laws are. One of these trifling incidents that cause great events may seem small and unrelated, but in reality it is a corner of some great law.

REST

We do not want "the saints' everlasting rest" nor that other saintly activity of a heaven

> When congregations ne'er break up
> And Sabbaths have no end.

When we say we would like to rest forever, or that we should love to be always busy, it is but the extravagant over-statement of a mood.

There is but one thing in this regard that we all want, and that is a due and proper alternation.

The true human need is rhythm. Human torment is lack of rhythm, the continuing of anything too long.

We live in a thus-organized universe, with its night and day. And in climes where there is no change of seasons it is difficult for civilization to develop.

We crave rest only after surfeit of activity: we crave exercise only after enough rest.

One great problem of the world's work is how to get the most efficiency out of the laborer.

The higher the order of work, that is, the more it requires brain and nerve rather than mere

muscle, the more it needs alternation. That is to say, you can write a better novel, or think out better a business problem, by going away and coming back than by sticking to it. The extra hour you put in when you are fagged is not worth ten minutes in the morning when you are fresh.

There has been much cursing of idleness. One of the great religious organizers wrote a note for his followers:

"Never be uselessly or triflingly employed." And in school we learned the motto: "Give every idle moment something to keep in store." We were exhorted to make every minute count.

All of which shows how honest people are a little crazy. For a man's life can be nothing but commonplace if he is tense and earnest every waking moment.

Idleness is as necessary to good work as is activity. The man who can take hold hard and to some purpose is the man who knows how to let go.

That body is strongest and fittest that can relax perfectly between efforts. That mind is likest "steel that bends and springs again," that can dream and wander at times.

After this life I do not look to sinking into endless rest, nor to go on in ceaseless vigor; but yonder I shall tire and wake again, according to the law of all life; I shall be an endless pulsing, an endless rhythm, and not an endless note.

WALLS AND ARMOR

One marked way in which the modern world differs in appearance from the ancient world is the absence of walls.

Every city in antique days was surrounded by a huge pile of stone wherein were thick gates. No city in modern civilization has a wall which it uses for defense; some of them have remains of walls preserved as curiosities.

The Chinese built a vast wall to defend their whole frontier.

The walls about the city of Rome still stand, but are of no military use. They are preserved merely for their picturesqueness.

The castles, towers, and strongholds of a former age in Europe are practically now in the same category as grandfather's sword that hangs over the fireplace.

In Paris the old wall lines are replaced by boulevards.

Formerly a city of ten thousand was not considered safe without a protecting wall to keep out the enemy; now cities of millions are wide open.

At the same time armor has disappeared. It can be found only in museums and among the relics in family halls.

The plain reason seems to be that the invention has rendered walls and armor almost useless. No barrier of stone can be built that cannot be pulverized by modern guns; no armor made that cannot be pierced by the modern rifle.

Put yourself, now, in the place of a person living in the age of Richard Cœur de Lion or Chevalier Bayard, and suppose you were told that the time would come when walls and armor would no more be used; would it not seem to you unthinkable? You would be prone to say, "If you take away walls from the city and armor from the duke, how can society exist? Would not the barbarians speedily invade and extinguish civilization?"

Logically, they would. Really, they did not.

One of the slowest lessons men learn is that when they cease to defend they cease to be attacked.

When walls were removed invasions practically ceased. The taking off of armor made the noble's life safer. There is no reason, except divine reason, in this. It is simply a fact.

In the same way the abolition of armies and navies by the nations of the world just as certainly mean the cessation of the menace of invasion or any other sort of war.

Isn't it queer how many thousand years it takes

a stupid world to learn the plain common-sense of Jesus, who said that the best way to conquer the man who smites you on one cheek is to turn the other?

THE ARGUMENT OF TOMBS

MAN is distinguished from all other living beings by the fact that he builds tombs.

He has been defined as the animal who laughs, or who uses tools, or who makes fires, or who thinks, or who speaks; but certainly he is the only animal that erects sepulchres.

He builds houses; so do muskrats and birds. He organizes into co-operative society; so do bees. He forms armies, under captains and generals; so do ants, which insects also have hospitals for the sick and schools for the young. There are insects and other lower forms of animal creatures that weave and spin, set traps, and hunt game.

But no earth denizen save man buries its dead and puts up a tombstone. In other words, it is only human beings that act as though their dead are in some way sensible of respect shown them. Almost all other human instincts, but not this, can be traced back to the brutes.

As far back as the race is found there are burial places. The remains of tombs are more ancient than the remains of dwelling places. Cities of the dead, in archæology, antedate cities for the living.

Most of the ancient curiosities in museums are ornaments or equipments of sepulchres.

The most permanent, the richest, and most enduring of structures are those that were built for the dead. The dwelling places of the aboriginal Americans have disappeared; the only name we have for them is "mound builders," which means grave-makers, for the vast mounds they put up are but tombs.

The Mausoleum of Halicarnassus was one of the seven wonders of ancient times. It was a tomb.

The Pyramids of Egypt are still unique masterpieces of architecture. They are tombs.

The Taj Mahal is considered one of the glories of earth. It is a tomb.

Even St. Peter's at Rome is the magnificent tomb of an apostle, and the Cathedral of Cologne, the most marvellous Gothic building in the world, was erected as the tomb for the bones of the Magi.

The most conspicuous object in Paris, the capital of Europe, is Napoleon's tomb by the bank of the Seine; and in the capital of the new world the most striking object is the monument of Washington.

By the side of every city or town of the living, all over the earth, is the city or town of the dead.

The instinct that insists so universally as this that the dead still live is worth more than a thousand arguments that would prove man to be extinct at death as the beasts are.

THE PHILISTINE

"By a Philistine," says Augustine Birrell, "I suppose we mean one who lives and moves and has his being in the realm of ordinary and conventional ideas."

Hamerton's definition of Philistinism is: "It consists in the perfect willingness to remain outside of every intellectual movement, and the restriction of one's mental activities to riches and religion."

The Standard Dictionary says a Philistine is: "A blind adherent to conventional ideas; an ignorant and narrow-minded person, especially one given to money-making; one devoid of culture."

The Philistine hates change; not because it is bad, nor because it is good, but because it is change.

His idea of the movement of the world is that it is a constant deterioration from a once ideal condition. Progress is a humbug; there is no such thing; humanity is in full retreat.

In religion he believes that at some period in the past, say in the days of John Wesley, Martin Luther, Pope Hildebrand, Saint Augustine, or the Apostle Paul, Christianity was ideally pure; ever

since it has been growing more and more corrupt.

In politics his fixed contention is that the history of the United States is a steady falling away from the standards of Washington and Hamilton.

The initiative, the referendum, the direct vote by the people for United States senators, the state ownership of railways and telegraph lines, the parcel post, the postal savings system—all of these are the result of anarchistic and socialistic (they both mean the same to him) teachings, which are due to the foreigners among us. They are un-American.

Labor unions, movements to better the pay and conditions of wage-earners, government interference in the affairs of corporations, and all such things are vicious attacks by the envious Havenots upon the Haves.

He is charitable in the good old way; that is, charity with him is a dole to the poor, a penny dropped in a beggar's hand, a generous subscription to the church, to be used in feeding those only who are strictly worthy. The attempt to bring about fundamental justice he scouts as radicalism.

He employs girls in his business at so low a wage as to bring upon them severe economic compulsion to become thieves or prostitutes. Thus he makes a million, out of which he endows a dormitory at his denominational college, builds a memorial church in his native town, and poses as a philanthropist.

Often such men are so disgusted with the unrest

of America and our disposition unduly to pry into people's private affairs (as, for instance, inquiring how such and such a man made his money) that he moves to England, where common people know their place and tip their hats, and where the class idea is inground into the nature of all.

The only cure for Philistinism is death. Nature at last kindly removes him, as she at last takes away all stones in the highway of progress.

THE THEATRE AND MORALS

THERE are a good many people yet who think that an actor is usually a man of loose morals.

And there is no doubt that conditions of life behind the scenes are not as a rule conducive to the development of the best qualities of character.

The reason of this is a peculiar and most human one. The portion of society that calls itself "the best" (those organized in churches for the moral uplift of mankind) unfortunately fell into the grievous error of stigmatizing as bad a calling which in itself is just as good as selling dry goods and might be made just as helpful as preaching.

Get to the bottom of the matter and you will admit, if you be clear-minded, that acting is one of the natural functions of men and women. It is the first profession of every child. The baby's first occupation is "playing" mother or father or grocer or teamster or preacher.

Acting ought to be as honorable as preaching or writing. It is a normal form of the interpretation of life.

How did it come to have a bad name? Simply because it gives pleasure. I do not like to say any hard words against Puritanism, because we

owe to it many a debt for its stanch righteousness and its deep sense of human responsibility; but along with the angels of Puritanism "Satan came also"; and the Satan was a deep suspicion toward plain human happiness.

The stage fell under the ban of the church, and it was a sad thing for both. For the theatre did become bad, according to the well-known law that if you continually call any class of people bad they tend to become so.

And the church was injured, because, having taken a false position, it felt bound to stick to it. There is no consistency so terrible as the consistency of those whose profession it is to be good.

Fortunately the theatre is outgrowing its anathema. Some church circles still glower, but for the most part society has come to recognize the inherent worthiness of the profession of acting.

Mrs. Jameson puts it justly, and not too strong, when she says: "When conventional law or public opinion denounces as inexpedient what they cannot prove to be wrong, stigmatize what they allow, take delight in what they affect to condemn, what wonder that from such barbarous, such senseless inconsistency, should spring a whole heap of abuses and mistakes! As to the idea that acting, as a profession, is incompatible with female virtue and modesty, it is not merely an insult to the estimable women who have adorned and still adorn the stage, but to all womankind. It makes me blush with indignation."

COMPANIONSHIP WITH SUPERIORS

"THAT which is beneath me destroys me; that which is on my level bores me; it is only that which is higher than I that sustains me and lifts me out of myself," wrote Mlle. de l'Espinasse.

Every one of us is conscious of a fatal inertia of character. We naturally slide into inefficiency, slump into good-for-nothingness and poor work. It takes constant effort to go on up. Eternal vigilance seems to be the price of anything that is of any account.

One reason for this is that we naturally like inferior environment. It is pleasant to be with those to whom we are superior; it flatters us, coddles our pride, and gently strokes our self-esteem. It is so nice to be the biggest toad in the puddle.

Also we are comfortable among our equals. That is why one does not want to marry one who is too superior. That is why we gather in clubs, lodges, churches, and social circles where we are all about so-so.

We can get along with inferiors, we prefer our equals, we resist our betters.

And therein we make a mistake; for the secret of growth and expansion in life consists in persis-

tently choosing for companions minds that are richer and souls that are higher than our own.

I will tell you a secret; originality and genius are not your own, they are what you are able to get from those higher than you.

"A man's personality," writes J. W. Scott of the University of Glasgow, "is a thing which needs to be made. He does not bring it full fledged into the world with him. Strange as it may seem, personality is a thing which a man absorbs from his environment as a plant absorbs air and light. We are all plagiarists. In the last resort everything we have to know is borrowed."

Hence, "it must follow as the night the day" that if our environment is as a rule worse than ourselves we gradually degenerate, and if it is commonly better than ourselves we steadily improve.

No mind is first class that is not continually reading books and conversing with men that require an effort to be understood. The novel-soaked intellect, gormandizing upon easy reading, grows flabby.

No one becomes a first-rate business man who is a better business man than all he meets. The best things a worker learns he gets from better workmen.

The truth grows still more lambent in the inner realm of character. There is only one way to grow nobler, stronger, gentler, more cultured, and altogether greater souled, and that is to have

some companionship with souls greater than we.

Even if we cannot meet such in our daily doings, we can find them in books. We can have an inner companionship of superiors, even when all outer fellowship is low.

The ear of the soul, if one will listen, can always hear "the choir invisible."

MANKIND LOVES FIGHTING

It is generally assumed as an axiom that all persons want peace.

Considering the well-known facts in the career of the human race this is a curious mistake. For if there is any one thing mankind seems to be fond of more than another it is a row.

Man emerges from the mists of prehistoric times fighting.

The oldest implements of the stone age and of the cave dwellers and lake peoples are not sofas and rocking chairs, but knives, axes, and arrows, with which they chopped one another in the head.

Homer's pages, the old Greek folk song, are full of hackings and hewings of men. The Iliad is as sanguinary as the Chicago stockyards.

The Romans fought, the Teutons fought, the Celts fought, the Japanese fought, the American Indians fought.

No power appears ever to have been able to eradicate the innate pugnacity of human beings. The Christians were peaceable for a while at first, but as soon as they got into power they went at one another with the force of a ferocity long pent up. Homoousians and homoiousians threw bricks

as hard as their names. Aryans and Trinitarians flew at each other's throats. The orthodox burned and tortured the heretic.

We love to explain the simplest things by complex motives. A hundred causes have been adduced for the continued existence of the nuisance of militarism. The real cause is simple. It is that human nature wants to fight.

You can see this in its most undiluted form among small boys. One of them comes up to anther and says:

"I can lick you."

Whereupon they go to it, hammer and tongs.

Prizefighting will not go out of style for many a year yet; for it is the game of the primeval man; it appeals to an instinct much older than that of money making or reading.

The boy-child loves to pound things and people, to make a noise, and to keep up the din of battle according to his lights. The college boy loves to smash windows and street lamps, to haze, scuffle and organize high jinks.

Man is still only half evolved from the brute. He is still a ferocious animal. His canine teeth have not yet disappeared and become bovine molars.

He still considers business and commerce as fighting, politics as fighting, religion as fighting. He understands no way of accomplishing things but by organizing some kind of an army and fighting.

SQUARE PEGS, ROUND HOLES, AND MORALITY

No amount of scientific talk about heredity and environment can get the conviction out of men's minds that an individual is personally responsible for his wrong actions. So long as conscience continues to operate we shall feel to blame when we have done anything cowardly and unjust.

At the same time there is no doubt that a deal of the blame we put upon the man should really be put upon circumstances. A lot of immorality is mere misplacement.

A man in the wrong place is pretty sure to give symptoms of what it used to be the fashion to call sin and iniquity. Really, it is friction that ails him.

A theatrical manager the other day called my attention to the curious fact that certain actors, who were unreliable, unpunctual, and irresponsible in almost every relation of life, were faithful in the performance of their stage duties. It seems to be a sort of religious principle among theatre folk to be on hand when they are due to appear. Their moral sense is keen here, when it is rather lax in other directions.

However unreliable a physician may be in or-

dinary matters, when it comes to his professional duty he is usually alert and conscientious. There is something about a "case" that can turn a lazy, immoral physician into a person of absolute probity and faithfulness, at least temporarily.

In other words, when the lax physician or actor is at his work he seems to tighten up; his moral fibre becomes normal. He is in his right place. In his right place a man is apt to be moral.

Take the boy whom nature intended to be a farmer. Place him in a city clerkship and he shows himself not only a poor clerk, but a person of more or less looseness in his private life. Send him out to a ranch, where he belongs, keep him in the open air and at vigorous physical activity and his whole nature sweetens up.

The first immorality is to allow one's self to get into the wrong place. Of course, we cannot always control circumstances, and often are compelled to work under irritating conditions. But too often we go on in surroundings that are fatal to us, just because we are too fearful or too indolent to risk a change.

Be slow to condemn a boy or girl. Much of their apparent fickleness and worthlessness is unrest, is that uneasiness that affects all people who have not "found themselves," which usually means found their right work.

There are natural-born sailors, merchants, poets, actors, artists, bakers, and commercial travellers. People are of all spiritual shapes,

round, square, hexagonal. Somewhere there is a hole for each of them that fits. Each man is a sort of Yale key that will go smoothly into just a certain lock.

Half of morality is finding out where you belong, going there, and staying there.

BUNK

I WISH deliberately to use a word of the street, a low-caste word, because it will do for me what no word from Back Bay, Yale College or the Court of St. James will do; it will express my meaning with rude precision; just as I would use a low-browed bailiff to abate a nuisance I would not want to tackle myself.

The word is—Bunk.

It is derived from bunco, meaning to swindle, to impose upon. To a few specimens of venerable and honored Bunk I wish to invite your eye.

First is Class. In that literature that treats of the English nobility, European aristocracy or New York fashionables, that literature that is the delight of school misses and servant girls, and that prevails in the Broadway magazines and in the Tauchnitz novels, the fundamental subsumption is that Class is something real, like a stone fence. In reality it is no more than a chalk-mark on the floor; if you don't see it you will never stumble over it. It is pure rabbit's foot. It is Bunk.

Out of the Bunk-bag I take another sample, quite at random. It is "the conflict of religion and science." There never was, and in the nature of

the case can never be, such a conflict. Humbug religion and humbug science, both or either, are fruitful in conflict.

Mystical, involved, unclear writing of any kind, by anybody, is Bunk; and that whether the offender is a great poet or a great religious faddist, or a business promoter. I name no names, as I do not wish to make you angrier than I must. But set it down that when one cannot say plainly what he has to say he doesn't know. Even the physician who maintains an air of deep wisdom and will not discuss your case with you; the devotee of the New Faith who smiles painedly at your simple questions and says, "Oh, you don't understand, you cannot"; the statesman who conceals mighty secrets behind his massive countenance, but can't tell you what it's all about; the banker who assures you that what he does with your money is too complicated for your grasping; throw them all into the Bunk-bag.

And if you can find any plain, honest, ordinary folk who are keeping store or writing books or making poetry or painting pictures, or keeping house, or worshipping God, and are doing it all openly, naturally, and straightforwardly, go and consort with them, and enjoy this present world.

THE WEAKNESS OF CURSING

We may be permitted to doubt whether it has ever done much good to tell men how bad they are.

Scolding, fault-finding, satire, irony, lampooning, exposing, cursing, and condemning are all interesting and easy. Everybody seems born with a knack for this sort of thing.

But the whole business is a business of weakness, not of strength.

Swearing is a symptom of a lack of proper vocabulary. A man is profane because he has not the power to express his feelings with satisfactory force in good English.

A woman scolds because she doesn't know enough to get her own way by diplomacy and love. It is the woman who is impotent to control her child that hectors him. It is the consciousness of her lack of proper influence over her husband that causes her to nag him.

Complaint is the language of failure. It is the utterance of self-pity, and self-pity is the effort of a contemptible spirit to attract attention.

The only trade in which a failure can be successful is faultfinding. In that occupation the less your ability the sharper your triumph.

There are two kinds of critics, interpretive and destructive. The former seek to help the reader understand the author; such are rare, some of them are great. The latter seem to regard every work as a challenge, they attack it with all the airs and poses of jealous egotism; such are plentiful, all of them are small.

The glibness of cursing is fatal. There are two kinds of prophets and preachers. One kind berates the people for their wickedness; the other helps the people to discover their goodness. The former draws crowds. The latter helps along.

Jeremiah has a deal more to say in the Bible than Jesus. Jeremiah was the forerunner of downfall, Jesus the redeemer of the world.

The majesty of Jesus lay in his amazing power of seeing good in everybody—except Pharisees. To my mind there was nothing recorded that Jesus ever did that is greater than his action toward the woman taken in adultery, where he simply declined to curse her (what an opportunity the orthodox moralist thinks he missed!), and said:

"Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

Says Goethe: "When I have called bad bad, how much is gained by that? The man who would work aright must not deal in censure, must not trouble himself about what is bad, but show and do what is good."

THE BAFFLING SOUL

You can measure a wall or a carpet with a yardstick; you cannot measure the lightning.

You can cast a plumbline down a pit to fathom the ocean's depth, but you cannot tell how deep is the grief of a mother with her dead child in her lap.

You can calculate the distance of a star, but there are no lenses or logarithms by which to estimate the joy of two lovers. You can analyze water, earth, or gases, and determine their constitutent parts, but you cannot get at the elements that compose innocence, conscience, or remorse.

You can set a value in dollars and cents upon the services of a salesman or a bricklayer, but you cannot even approximate the value of an act of unselfish helpfulness.

What is the price of a golden deed? What price-mark shall we put upon the act of the fireman who dies trying to save a human being in a burning building, or of a mother drowning that her baby may be rescued, of the policeman shot at his post of duty, of such as Regulus and Nathan Hale?

There are sentiments before which reason is

dumb and even theology is confounded. Moses asked that his own name be blotted from Jehovah's remembrance if his people were not to be saved; and Paul declared himself willing to be accused for his brethren's sake.

There is not so tall an angel in the human heart as self-sacrifice.

There is no shine, of sun, of lamps, or of rose-cut diamonds, so dazzling and beautiful as certain shinings of the face when a high thought burns behind it.

There are no flowers so tinted and fragrant as certain flowers that grow in the garden of hearts.

Weigh the clouds and measure the east wind, but wherewithal shall you gauge the pressure of passions, or with what aerometer shall you indicate the storm force of desire?

The earthquake makes its record upon the seismograph, but where is the record of the trembling that seizes souls, such as bleached the hair of Jean Valjean?

And what of the spirit's phonograph, called memory; the spirit's telephone called sympathy; and the spirit's heat and cold, called love and hate?

There are more mysteries in the mind of man than in all heaven and hell; there are further distances than Arcturus, snowier peaks than the Himalayas, and stiller, stranger deeps than the underseas.

THE IMMORALITY OF FEAR

It is doubtful if fear is ever of any moral use. It is doubtful if a man who refrains from doing wrong because of his fear of punishment is any better than the man who does the wrong and is not afraid.

We are only beginning the proper study of psychology, and not until we get together a dependable body of psychological truths can we have a reliable system of ethics.

We are already glimpsing this truth, that the effect of fear upon one's morals is wholly toxic; in plain English, fear is poison in any shape or form.

Sometimes it is necessary to use fear, but it is legitimately used only to protect the offender or his victim from harm, and never to improve the character. For instance, we can properly play upon a child's fears to keep him from going too near the precipice or from handling a revolver; but that is simply to protect his life. On the contrary, it is never right to excite his fear to induce him to be truthful, honest, and good—that is to say, when the effect is character, fear is a dangerous means.

In the moral realm probity, honesty, and virtue in general are not ends in themselves; they are praiseworthy only when they are the natural forth-putting of the mind and heart.

What one does from fear is never good. All the real virtues are forms of courage. A woman who is pure because she is afraid of the consequences of being otherwise is, to use Pope's phrase, "a rake at heart."

A man who tells the truth for fear of being caught if he were to lie is a liar; he is a worse liar than the man that lies and is not afraid; for to his inner disposition to lie is added cowardice.

The only safe character to build up in your child is that which renders him not afraid to be good; that is, to tell the truth, be honest and keep clean; unafraid of any losses or hurts that may come to him thereby.

In other words, a genuinely good character is one that is not afraid to be good; a bad character is one that is either afraid to be good or afraid to be bad. The one who is afraid to be good is the open sinner, for whom there is some hope; the one who is afraid to be bad is the Pharisee, for whom there is small hope.

The fundamental falsehood of falsehoods is that goodness and virtue are somehow weak and timid and fearsome; or that it is safe only in convention's shelter.

The fundamental thing to learn in ethics is that goodness is positive, constructive, forceful, always

a form of courage; and that badness is never brave, always a form of moral lesion, cowardly and weak. If we could get the world to believe this people would cease sneering at virtue and cease admiring the rapscallions.

I find a fine sentence in Sir James Mackintosh, where he says of Mme. de Maintenon that "she was as virtuous as the fear of hell and the fear of shame could make her."

The saving thing to learn about uncleanness, lying, and dishonesty is that when one gives way to such things "a power is gone from him which nothing can restore," to quote Mrs. Jameson; "the healthy, clear vision with which a fresh, pure mind looks round upon the social and natural world, beholding the soul of goodness even in things evil."

DANGEROUS SHORT CUT IN GOVERNMENT

DEMOCRACY seems clumsy. It is an awkward, indirect way to get things done.

The business man lifts his hands in horror at the idea of running his concern by a vote of the men employed or by any committee; the only efficient way to do things, he tells you, is for one man to do them. There must be a head, and one head, to an enterprise if you want success.

This is truth. The most efficient method of government is an absolute monarchy. For accomplishing results quickly and well the best system is where there is one unquestioned boss, who does not have to consult anybody.

It is a dangerous truth. It is so treacherous in its plausibility that it has deceived the very elect in economics. Carlyle sniffed at democracy; he was all for the strong man, the hero.

But here lies the trouble: that we cannot find the human being worthy to be intrusted with this autocratic power. There may be such persons, but there is no way of telling whether a given man is one of them.

We have tried all sorts of methods. Heredity, based on the supposition that if one were born to power there would be no temptation for him to abuse it. Placed by birth in the place of highest privilege he would find nothing more he could want, and so could not be bribed. This is the English idea; government by a class noble and wealthy enough to be unbribable.

But heredity won't work. Human nature is too weak. The end invariably is that the favored man or class, instead of feeding the sheep, shears them. They are content to live in luxury, upborne by the multitude in poverty.

The church has experimented with autocracy, but has discovered that not even the ecclesiastic, hedged in by vows and plighted to a life of asceticism, can resist the enormous temptations of absolute power. Perhaps no government has been more tyrannical and cruel than government by the parson in early New England or by the priest in Europe.

Even in the family many look with admiration upon the old-style domestic tyrant, the father who gave a word and a blow and ruled with a rod of iron. "Ah! in those days children were well behaved!"

That kind of father has disappeared, simply because he was intolerable. Absolute authority will not work in the family, in the government, anywhere.

Because it is a short cut, aiming to do by artifi-

cial means what can be well done only by natural means.

The object of government is not to get things done, the object of the family is not to secure silence and obedience, the object of business is not to make money.

The object of government is to secure freedom and justice for the individuals that compose it. The state exists for the citizen. All he asks of it is to see that he has free play. This is the Anglo-Saxon idea, as opposed to the ancient theory that the individual exists for the state.

The family is designed to develop the children, not to make father comfortable.

The object of business is primarily to serve the general public with honest and needed goods and to give employment under wholesome conditions to workers, and only secondarily to fatten the owner with huge profits.

Democracy emphasizes the human end of affairs. Autocracy insists on the mechanical end.

Democracy aims to develop the people; autocracy to exploit them.

Hence democracy is slow because it is a principle of growth.

It is so much easier for a teacher to give the child a sharp command and enforce it with a stick; but it is a vicious short cut.

It is a long way round, for them that govern, to enlighten, explain, and educate. But it is the only way.

The object of all government is to improve the quality of the governed. In other words, it is to save the people, not to rule them.

That is why democracy is wholly true and all absolutism only half true, and hence more evil than a lie.

THE BEST ROOM

When I was a boy in Illinois every house had its "best room." It was where "company" sat, ladies who came to call dressed up in their best Sunday clothes, and the preacher when he made his regular visit and prayed with the family, and the lawyer when he came to get mother to sign papers, and the book-agent who sold us "Mother, Home, and Heaven."

The children were not allowed in there. And really they never wanted to go in, for the shades were always closely drawn at the windows, the air was stuffy, and the hair-cloth sofa and chairs were most uncomfortable.

There was an album on the marble-topped centre-table, and in it were Uncle Milt's and Aunt Hallie's photographs. An engraving of Lincoln and his cabinet, presented as a prize with two years' subscription for Godey's Ladies Book, adorned the wall, and by its side hung a glass-covered hair-wreath. A beautiful ingrain carpet covered the floor; twice a year it was taken up and the hired man hung it over the clothes-line in the back yard and pounded it, making a tremendous whirl of dust, and then having put new straw on the floor, relaid it.

The room was the pride and glory of the house, and nearly useless.

I remember well the time I went over to stay all night with Ralph Matheny, and how amazed I was to see the whole family sitting in the "parlor," the father reading the newspaper and the boys playing checkers—right in the company room!

The explanation of the best room is this: It is an expression of the desire that the world should know us, not as what we are, but as what we are supposed to be.

The whole struggle for "respectability" may be summed up as an instinctive effort to conceal our real selves.

Most of what is known as "society" is but a rattle and mixture of respectabilities, a parade of masks, a game in which by a mutual understanding each plays a part.

To be genuine, frank, and real is to be coarse, ill-bred, or crude.

The "best room" idea pervades us. What is the religion of most of us but a "best room" affair, to be used upon occasions and not for the daily warmth of living?

With how many of your acquaintances have you ever gotten farther than their "best room"? With how few men or women do you talk with whom you feel that you are entering freely into the sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen of their mind!

In other words we are acquainted with many and know very few.

We move about, suspicious of one another, fencing against one another, interposing conventional artificialities between our real selves and others.

And what a comfort to meet one of those persons who impress you as genuine through and through, with no dignity to defend, no fortress of respectability to guard, one who is just a real man!

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE

THE walls of a house are not built of wood, brick or stone, but of truth and loyalty.

Unpleasant sounds, the friction of living, the clash of personalities, are not deadened by Persian rugs or polished floors, but by conciliation, concession and self-control.

The curtains that screen the household gods from the eyes of the vulgar and curious are not woven of lace, but of discretion.

The food of the home is not meat and bread, but thoughtfulness and unselfishness, for these keep joy alive.

The real drink is not wine nor water, but love itself, which is the only known thing that is at once a food and an intoxicant.

The bed is not to be of down and white linen, but of "a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man."

The lighting is to be not of the sun by day, or by electric bulbs by night, but by loyal affection, shining always in dear eyes, burning always in true hearts.

Your home is not where you lay off your clothes, but where you lay off your cares.

The cellar of your house is not to be filled with apples and rare vintage, but with the memory of sacred intimacies, of little heroisms unknown to the world, of sufferings borne nobly.

In the attic you do not store old trunks and letters and gowns, but you keep there the kisses, sayings, and glances that cheered you when you gathered them fresh, and are now a sweet sorrow when dried by time.

The house is not a structure where bodies meet, but a hearthstone upon which flames mingle, separate flames of souls, which, the more perfectly they unite, the more clearly they shine and the straighter they rise toward heaven.

Your house is your fortress in a warring world, where a woman's hand buckles on your armor at morning and soothes your fatigue and wounds at night.

The beauty of a house is harmony.

The security of a house is loyalty.

The joy of a house is love.

The plenty of a house is in children.

The rule of a house is service.

The comfort of a house is in contented spirits.

The rats and mice in a house are envy and suspicion.

The maker of a house, of a real human house, is God himself, the same who made the stars and built the world.

THE CREED OF POWER

COME, say this with me. Let us join hands, face the tempest, and repeat our creed, the Creed of Power.

I am backed by Power, vast, unconquerable, irresistible Power.

Suns are behind me, galaxies, whirling fire-mists.

Great winds, oceans, and rivers bear me on.

Multitudes, races, nations, the numberless millions of all them that have strived bravely, are in my blood.

Revolutions, martyrs, victorious rebellions are back of me.

I am backed by Power, vast, unconquerable, irresistible Power.

That which launched my personality into life's struggle is destiny. No one can resist her. She moves through the swarms of men as the elephant through the reeds of the jungle. Stand aside! It is not I who am coming, it is destiny advancing me, her pawn.

I care not what is the purpose of this or that in the world, of government, institutions, armies; nor what is to be the fate of America or Germany

or Japan; nor what is to become of the stars and the moon; it is I, I, in whom are concentred the intentions of the universe; the universe meant for me to live, to love, to do, and to triumph.

It is for me to keep heart and keep step, to play the hero, and "having done all, to stand." So doing, I sweep all before me, the breath of the All fills my sails, the muscle of the All swings my battle-axe.

I am I. I am not a little exclusive I, but the great inclusive, allied I. If this is egotism it is cosmic egotism.

It is the play of the stellar electricity in my soul.

It is the central heat of the planet warming my being.

Behind me, bearing me on, is power. This power energizes me, it is within me. It throbs like a locomotive, it hums like a high-powered motor, it roars dull and deep as a blast-furnace. I can hear it in the night-watches, a rumble as of distant thunder. Nor men, nor events, nor death, nor the machinations of the devil can dismay me. Worlds mean nothing to me. Removed from this earth, dead, I shall expect new planets as footholds for my forces. I shall not be disappointed. Nature destroys no force; she only changes its mode of motion.

This, therefore, is my creed. I look into myself, and if I find in me any goodness, any nobleness, any love, any upleaping ambition to create, I laugh, for these things are fragments of super-

natural radium, of everlastingly outpouring power.

I have learned the lesson of lessons. It is never to be afraid of God.

I have taken this power idea as my own. I have stripped all the rags and trappings of heathenism from it. I have discovered its shattering stellar beauty. I have found out it is what men call—God.

A CONSUMER'S VIEWS ON SALESMANSHIP

I AM not a salesman. But I am a good buyer, and have probably purchased more things that I did not want than any man of my age. Hence, it may be interesting to salesmen to listen for a brief spell to a consumer's idea of what constitutes good salesmanship.

First of all, be good-natured. I here and now confess that nine-tenths of what induces me to buy is the ability of the seller to jolly me along. Cheerfulness and signs that you feel good, enjoy life, and are full of glee inside, are better than a letter of introduction from Mr. Rockefeller.

Have a thorough knowledge of your goods, also of the other fellow's goods. Learn how they are made and when, and who makes them. Respect your customer's desire to know and fill him up with information.

Don't argue. State facts. Don't arouse opposition in the buyer's mind. Agree with him, or dodge the issue. Lead him around to some subject where you are at one. I hate to have a seller try to prove to me I'm wrong. Perhaps I am; but I don't like to admit it.

Use plain language. If you are selling automobiles don't talk about carburetors and reciprocating dudads and compound thingumbobs. Go somewhere and learn the English for these things, and how to make them clear to a washwoman. Never use a term when there is any doubt whether the customer understands it. We don't like to be made appear ignorant.

Tell the truth. If you are with a firm where you dare not tell the truth, leave it.

Be candid. Do not conceal things. The thing you have to sell has certain merits; it ought to sell on those. To sell a thing upon merits it does not have is poor policy.

Be dependable. Even if you make a casual remark, for instance, that you will send a man a bunch of blotters or a book or a calendar, don't fail to do it. Forgetting is almost as bad as lying. If you promise to come back next Tuesday, do it or send a telegram. Create the impression that you will keep your word if it bankrupts you.

Remember names and faces. If you are not gifted in this respect, get a little book and every evening set down the names of the people you have met and some distinguishing characteristic of each of them. Write down any remarks your customer has made about his family. Study this. It's all a part of the important art of jollying us along.

Have a good appearance. There may be a few people left who like to see a dirty shirt and frayed

cuffs, but they are growing scarcer every day.

The art of salesmanship begins in the mind. Think success, think confidence, think a thousand dollars. Why think fifty cents? These thoughts in your brain will ooze out of your face. You will radiate these qualities. The greatest factor in selling is personality. And personality is made by thoughts.

Avoid personal intimacies. Let me talk about myself and look interested while I am expanding. But don't speak of yourself any more than you can help. Take an axe and chop the pronoun "I" out of your vocabulary. What do you care? Jolly me along.

In fine, be as human as possible. You are not a catalogue nor a printed circular. You draw wages because you are supposed to be a human being. Be it! Don't be huffy, sensitive, impatient, dictatorial, indifferent, egotistic, or mechanical. Be a good fellow. Be the kind of man people like to have around.

When you attack a customer aim two inches below his collar bone. If you can make him like you it is far and away better than to try to prove anything to his mind. Very probably he hasn't much mind to speak of. But we all have hearts.

THE PRAYER OF THE UNBORN SOULS

God, listen to the little souls unborn, in the anteroom of life, for we cry out to Thee for justice.

It is such an unfair world into which we go, choked with inequities, but cruelest of all to us.

We stand to take our turn, we whom love calls and fate names. Alas! we are rewarded for what we have not done, and punished for that wherein we are guiltless.

Men speak loud of democracies. Yet upon us, innocent, crushes the hardest heel of privilege and whimsy tyranny. For by the laws of inheritance one enters upon the control of millions, and another is damned into the slums.

God, make men give us a fair chance. Make them give the justice of democracy to the children, even as there is at last the equality of democracy among the dead.

They who sit in high courts, wear wigs and gowns and write learned laws, speak of the rights of citizens, of property and of nations; work upon their minds, O Almighty Spirit of Equity, to give all little children a fair start.

Make them multiply their schools until the last

child has his right, the right of a due training for life. Make them change their teachers so that they shall develop what efficiency Thou hast created in us, and not force us into the hard moulds of their artificial systems.

Make them tear down some of their dark, high blocks of buildings and leave clear spaces in their cities for children to play and have room for laughter.

Thou preparest nests for the young of birds, and the lion's whelps are nurtured with jealous care. Send us not where we are not wanted. It is for this that some of us are weeping, because we do not want to go where there is no love and welcome.

Make men see there are enough of them, grown and strong, to do the world's work, so that they may drive no children to toil.

We go each to his place. We do not impeach Thy wisdom. Perhaps, after the episode of life, we shall understand each why he was sent where he was sent. But the world, with its inheritances, its vested rights, its boast of equal opportunity to all, yet with its cruel absolutism toward us, seems a fearful place.

Therefore listen! O people of earth, to the voice of us, the unborn in the anteroom of life, crying out to God against you for justice!

AMBASSADORS

THE theory of embassy is that a nation shall have some man to represent it in foreign courts.

Time was when this was necessary. The seats of national government were many days apart. The fastest horsemen were often too slow to constitute reliable means of communication in a crisis. Then it was useful to have a man in a foreign court who was authorized to speak for his country.

That time has passed. The electric telegraph encircles the globe. We can shake hands with, or slap the face of Russia or Spain in a few minutes. During the last century the governments of the world have moved up close to each other. The expess trains, ocean liners, submarine cables and wireless telegraphy have put Pekin and London in adjoining rooms. The necessity for ambassadors exists no more.

The only reason we keep them is the same reason that keeps the world doing things long after they have ceased to have a reason. It is the inertia of history. It is that dead hand of the past whose clutch it is so difficult to escape.

We have ambassadors simply because we always have had them. That is all.

Formerly the group of foreign ministers at a court decided issues. To-day no move will be made by our representative at Madrid or Rome except upon direct instructions from Washington.

All the necessary business of the American government at London could be transacted by a capable clerk and a few assistants. And much better than by a "statesman."

The social life, the giving of expensive entertainments, the spread and splurge and high stepping, by which the women folks of American millionaires are given an opportunity to satisfy their social ambitions, are no part of a government's business, nor of the business of its ambassador.

All our ambassadorial trouble comes from our representative's imagining that it is his duty to break into foreign "society." It is this, and this alone, that is ground for the saying that $17,500 is not enough to live on.

Foreign embassies belong to the same category as inaugural balls. President Wilson discarded the one; congress ought to discard the other.

There is no imaginable business of importance at a foreign court that cannot be transacted from Washington; except perhaps in certain crises when it might be necessary to send a special minister.

Let us get rid of the whole mediæval business. The plots and whisperings and secret alliances of European courts we have nothing to do with. The

United States can afford to lay its cards all on the table.

Affairs of state managed by side-stepping and mysterious diplomats mean misunderstandings, treacheries, and wars; if they were managed in the open we should all fare better.

We are supposed to be a plain common-sense people, intent upon minding our own business, maintaining our rights, and seeing that no nation treads on the tail of our coat. Let us carry on our business as simply and sensibly as a corporation carries on its business.

THE JONESNESS OF JONES

A MAN can never get away from what he is.

If he is John Jones, he can become better, but he will only be a better John Jones; he can grow wiser, stronger, weaker, wickeder, but he will still remain John Jones. His John Jonesishness is the one quality he can never lose. Perhaps!

The little baby John is born to the Jones family. Great plans are laid for him by Mother Jones, Father Jones, and the Jones uncles and aunts. Meanwhile there is a secret plan in baby Jones's blood that is going to be carried out. Destiny meant a certain particular kind of thing when it put forth that baby among the living, and destiny has a way of sticking to its purpose to the end.

Very often when the blood-plan does not coincide with the plans of Papa and Mamma Jones, young John is called perverse, obdurate, hopeless.

Those who have the greatest success with their children are they who first carefully find out the John Jonesness of the young John Jones and try to develop that. Many a family tragedy is due to their endeavoring with prayers and tears to make him be a Smith.

There are no black sheep; these are merely mis-

understood John Joneses appearing in families that are obsessed by Smithism.

There are no naughty and wayward pupils in schools; these are they whom incompetent teachers cannot comprehend, or overworked teachers have no time to study and guide.

There are no criminals; these are they whom society has misplaced, John Joneses who are unable to be Smiths. They are warped, twisted, perverted personalities.

John by nature selects certain Jones qualities from his family.

When he goes to school his personality extracts certain food from books, teacher, and schoolmates; he and the Smith boy grow up to be different, as a rose bush and a lily bulb taking nourishment from the same soil produce one a red, the other a white flower.

Though Jones has the same experiences as all others in his calling, yet his business career, his domestic relationship, and all his environment become in him nothing but Jonesness.

All a man is, does, and says is tinged, dyed, and saturated with his being, his own individuality, his peculiar organization.

Plato held that all knowledge is remembrance; modern biology says much the same thing in a different way.

"Nature," says a recent writer, "has first to produce the kernel, the shell is a later excrescence; the body must be born before it can be clothed;

the hero's heart must beat before heroic deeds can be achieved."

The only real greatness lies in the degree to which one has developed his own peculiar personality. The greatness that consists in imitating others is second rate.

"Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" means "Is not John Jones more than anything that may happen to him?"

And what shall it profit John Jones if he gains the whole world and lose his John Jonesness?

THE DEATH OF WONDER IS THE END OF LIFE

SOME one shrewdly said that a molecule solves a problem of higher mathematics in the fraction of a second, while it would take a learned professor a year.

All around us Nature is modestly working indescribable miracles of skill. The mind of man has never touched more than the fringe of her garment.

The commonest human life is led in the midst of a stupendous factory where organisms more wonderful than a Strasburg clock or a Hoe printing press are turned out every minute; in a laboratory where, with a fecundity that is infinite and ceaseless, organisms are constantly constructed that no human craft has ever been able to imitate.

Automobiles are amazing proofs of man's ingenuity, but a human foot is more complex and baffling than they.

As you sit on a bench in the park in the spring you see the young grass growing up. You say it "grows." Did you ever reflect what a vast word that is? Grows! All over the earth trillions upon

trillions of little seeds are bursting and sending up green stalks; and no man was ever able to contrive a thing that would grow.

We can make piano players, phonographs and all manner of cunning electric machines, but we can make no machine that will "live," that will automatically draw its sustenance from earth, regulate itself, and reproduce itself.

Yet there are people who are bored. There are people who live in this miracle-crowded world and are tired of it all. They must have fevered amusements, intoxications, perversions to prick the jaded love of life. That is because their souls are dead.

Souls die by starvation. That which feeds souls, keeps them alive, young and fresh, is—wonder.

When one ceases to wonder and begins to think he knows, paralysis and death are not far off. They become blasé, world-weary. And when the soul shrivels up the mind hates itself and flies to the body for drunkenness.

The clouds, look at them! What holds them up, herds them, drives them in the racing storm or pastures them golden-clothed in the silent west?

What is electricity? We use it, but we know what is no more than did Adam. It is a giant spirit, strange, strong, evasive, formless.

The soul of the Persian who worshipped the sun was nearer alive than that of the scientist who, because he has a spectrum-analysis, has lost surprise.

All our science, said Carlyle, swims as a scum upon the boundless ocean of nescience.

We build little walls of wisdom to keep away the vast unknown. Wherein we mutter and drivel.

Woe to the man that does not feel the infinite, the soul from whom awe has departed, in whom wonder is extinct, wonder at the continuous play of miracle and mystery that surround life. The best of little children is that they wonder; and except ye become like them ye shall not see.

Do you say the age of miracles is past? The marvels of the Old Testament are small compared with the shattering revelations of the spectroscope, the spinthariscope, Crookes's tube, and the electrometer, to say nothing of the microscope and the telescope. Madame Curie's bit of radium, shedding power unceasingly into space, is more striking than Moses's marching pillars of cloud and fire.

And we who dwell in a continuous creation, and under the shine of galaxies, cannot wonder!

THUNDER OF THE MODERN CONSCIENCE

THIS that I call *me* is made up of many ingredients.

First, there is earth, dust, matter, which I hold in common with stones, seas, stars, and material substance in general.

Then there is my living organism; in this I am akin to all plants in meadow, mountain, and riverbed.

Another part of me is animal, wherein I am brother to all birds, fishes, insects, and other animal life.

Then comes my human element, in which possession I am partner with the whole human race. All who have died, from Adam to my parents, have poured this quality into me; all who now live constitute a huge body of which I am a small member.

A large part of me is English, a part is American, a part comes from my own family stock, a part is created by the influence of all I meet.

When I get down to that portion which is distinctively me and nobody else, it is extremely small.

It is what the taste is to the apple, the perfume is to the flower, the Correggiosity is to a work of Correggio, the style is to an author's words.

This being the case, if you wish to "save" or to "reform" me, you have a large and interesting contract on your hands.

To change the apple you must not only alter the flavor a bit, but you must make different the tree, the garden, the country, and the climate.

To reform me in any way that will insure that I stay reformed, you have to reform the folks I belong to, the city I live in, the books I read, the friends I play with, together with my state, nation, race, and the whole human family. We will excuse you from reforming animal and plant life and the nature of the soil, for the present.

For many centuries those who wanted to make men better have pounded away at the individual. For ages the church was possessed of the idea that the larger me—that is to say, the state, or mankind at large, was doomed; it was non-salvable, and the best the savers could do was to pluck a few "brands from the burning." Humanity was a goner; a few might be rescued as the elect.

It has been discovered that this sort of saving does not save. To secure a good, honest, upright, and noble man we have to begin with great-grandparents, and to include society at large.

The benevolence that gives a beggar a quarter has become suspected. To be real benevolence it must alter the conditions that make beggars.

To imprison grafting police and to rescue fallen women here and there seem to do little good; more and more you hear the saying, "It is the system that is wrong."

The conscience of the world is deepening. It is enlarging to embrace the larger me.

We are not losing faith; we are discovering that to help people permanently it takes more faith than we ever dreamed of.

We can no longer go on in "the good old way," rescuing individuals and calling social, business, and government conditions "the will of God." We are waking to the conviction that we can and we must bring those conditions up to conform with justice and humaneness.

There is a new note in the thunder of the modern conscience. It no more says we must rescue the fallen, feed the hungry, and give alms to the poor; it declares that we must prevent crime, hunger, and poverty.

The cry of ancient Rome was that the barbarians must be destroyed; the cry of modern civilization is that there must be no more barbarians.

THE DEVIL

THERE was recently given in New York, in a Broadway theatre, a moving-picture show representing the Devil. The series of scenes showed the activities of Satan throughout history; it was conventional, made up of incidents from Milton's "Paradise Lost," Klopstock's "Messiah" and medieval tales, and old Nick was impersonated by an actor who wriggled and twisted and leered in the most orthodox style.

But that is not the correct idea of the Devil. The Devil is the name given to that power that ruins men; he is the adversary, the being who works against men's welfare.

Now I will tell you who he is. The best name for him is the one he gave himself upon one occasion where he said, "My name is Legion." That is to say, he is the destructive influence of the many.

There is but one God; the Devil's name is Legion. Put into plain English this means that if one looks about him and gets his ideals from, and regulates his conduct by, the general crowd, there is no hope for him. It is only by looking

within and following one's own convictions that one can develop into normal manhood.

Whoever is satisfied to do just as well as the average is going to the Devil.

Ask any man who employs a number of workers what his greatest trial is, and he will tell you it is to get men to do what they are paid for doing. The majority of workers have to be watched, encouraged, and their work patched up.

Any banker will tell you that it is a rare clerk who does precisely what he is supposed to do.

Office men do not ask for stenographers who are talented, but only those who will do their work with care and accuracy and speed.

When a boy goes to school and does simply the things which a school boy ought to do, when he gets his lessons and is punctual and well-behaved, he is called a superior child. Every teacher knows that nine-tenths of the pupils do not expect to measure up to the mark. In fact, the child who does this is called a "shark" or a "grub" or a "sissy" or some other term of derision.

Even so with teachers themselves. I presume I have had a hundred teachers in my youth, and of them all I can recall just two who had any business to be teaching. They taught, really helped, and inspired me; the others were holding their jobs.

Most actors are poor; when one is good, or what every actor ought to be, we call him a genius.

Most preachers are boresome. When one

speaks with inspiring power, as every preacher should do, we say he is wonderfully gifted.

Most grocers are inefficient, most barbers don't know how to shave you, most hired girls are not what you want, most carpenters, masons and house painters are not to be relied on, most newspapers are not satisfactory, most lawyers disappoint you, most doctors do not understand how to doctor their patients and most mothers do not know how to mother their children.

The work of the world is carried on by inefficient people. The efficient person is one of a hundred.

I do not refer to persons of genius or of great gifts or talent, but merely to those who do, simply and as a matter of course, what they are paid to do, what is their duty to do.

A man, therefore, that gauges himself by the crowd is deficient. If his conscience is content with the standard of those around him it is a crooked conscience.

Almost every embezzler, bribe-taker or other crook has become a crook by saying to himself, "They all do it."

A man gets into politics, finds corruption all around him, goes with the mass, and becomes a scoundrel.

Girls go to shame, and boys to drunkenness, because other girls and boys do.

Cussedness, incompetence, laziness, and all manner of crime and moral weakness are sociable.

INFINITY

We cannot comprehend infinity, we can only label it. The mathematicians indicate it by the figure 8 turned over on its side.

You can stand on the shore of the ocean and see a limited circle of the waters, you know those waters stretch out league upon league in the distance, they lave shores thousands of miles away, they are filled with sea monsters, they bear myriad sails; these things are present in your imagination, but they are too great for you to grasp, and so you label them with the word "Sea."

About every human being there is something mysterious, deep, high, full of mystery; you do not understand it, and you call it "Soul."

In the human being is a curious spiritual machinery in which words, visions, and impressions are stored, in which thoughts are woven, in which plans are made, in which the strange processes of logic are carried on; you do not understand this, and you label it "Mind."

Back of you is the record of the human race, the millions who have strived, hoped, and died, kingdoms that have risen and fallen; it is all too great for you to comprehend and so you label it "History."

The infinite imposes itself upon us even in small things. If you undertake to get the square root of 2 you find it runs into a decimal that never stops; you could continue that decimal forever and ever and the numbers would go on without cease.

When we speak the word "Time" we are conceiving a small slice of infinity, for time has no beginning, no end. When we think the word "Space" we entertain another thought which has no bounds.

A part of the ancient city of Babylon has been uncovered, we gaze upon its ghastly ruins. Once Babylon was as busy as London. All its life of activity has receded to a diminishing point in the past. It has been swallowed up in infinity as London will be swallowed up.

Infinity is depressing, paralyzing, confusing; it is madness. We must turn from it and shut it out of our thought else we cannot think. For purposes of action we must assume it does not exist, though it does exist. We close our eyes to it, still it is there.

Infinity is a spiritual presence. It operates upon all minds. It is the pressure of the infinite that drives the sensualist to say, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Its influence upon another type of mind drives the man to religion.

Institutions are shelters against the infinite. Such are the home, the church, and all housings of men's bodies and souls. In them we huddle together for fear of this unknown thing.

Out of the infinite come all things—the souls and bodies of men, the plants and animals, the galaxies of stars. Into it again pour all things, for at least infinity swallows all. Visible things are but a shudder of the infinite, a passing dream of eternity.

We see the infinite everywhere. We see it when we look at the sky, as in a picture. We hear it when the clock strikes, marking the passage of its stream. We touch it when we pray to God. We feel it when we witness death. It brushes by us in the symphonies of Beethoven, in the marbles of Michelangelo.

We are here but a few days. We cling passionately to love, which seems to be the one infinite factor in human life. Clasping the hand of love at last we go

> Into the ghostliness,
> The infinite and abounding solitudes,
> Beyond—O, beyond! beyond . . .

BOY WANTED

WANTED—A boy that stands straight, sits straight, acts straight, and talks straight;

A boy whose finger nails are not in mourning, whose ears are clean, whose shoes are polished, whose clothes are brushed, whose hair is combed, and whose teeth are well cared for;

A boy who listens carefully when he is spoken to, who asks questions when he does not understand, and does not ask questions about things that are none of his business;

A boy that moves quickly and makes as little noise about it as possible;

A boy who whistles in the street, but does not whistle where he ought to keep still;

A boy who looks cheerful, has a ready smile for everybody, and never sulks;

A boy who is polite to every man and respectful to every woman and girl;

A boy who does not smoke cigarettes and has no desire to learn how;

A boy who is more eager to know how to speak good English than to talk slang;

A boy that never bullies other boys nor allows other boys to bully him;

A boy who, when he does not know a thing, says "I don't know," and when he has made a mistake says "I'm sorry," and when he is asked to do a thing says, "I'll try";

A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells the truth every time;

A boy who is eager to read good books;

A boy who would rather put in his spare time at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium than to gamble for pennies in a back room;

A boy who does not want to be "smart" nor in any wise to attract attention;

A boy who would rather lose his job or be expelled from school than to tell a lie or be a cad;

A boy whom other boys like;

A boy who is at ease in the company of girls;

A boy who is not sorry for himself, and not forever thinking and talking about himself;

A boy who is friendly with his mother, and more intimate with her than any one else;

A boy who makes you feel good when he is around;

A boy who is not goody-goody, a prig, or a little Pharisee, but just healthy, happy, and full of life.

This boy is wanted everywhere. The family wants him, the school wants him, the office wants him, the boys want him, the girls want him, all creation wants him.

THE GHOST SHIP

AT the foot of Seventy-ninth Street in New York City, in the still waters of the Hudson, there lay on exhibition the oldest ship in the world, the convict ship *Success*.

It is a ghost. It comes upon the imagination as the toothless, clawless spectre of the past, that grim mother whose progeny still paralyzes the present and clogs the future.

In this ship England once sent her criminals to the Australian penal colonies. It is all sweet and clean now; mothers lead their children to peer into its cells occupied by wax figures. An enterprising manager has fitted it up as an exhibition, has shown it in England and now brings it to America.

It is a ghost, the ghost of an idea that, although dead and damned, still infests men's minds, the idea that punishment abates crime.

Here you see punishment raised to its highest power. The record of the cruelties here practised by the English people is so frightful that no one can be blamed for not believing it; the truth is more incredible than the wildest fiction. It is impossible to believe the story, yet it is perfectly authentic.

In cells about five by six feet square, without light and with little air, four or five human beings were chained, their filth cleaned out but twice a week, their bodies racked by the tossing of the vessel. They were flogged upon the least occasion, their raw wounds were washed with salt sea water. Every devilish ingenuity was employed to make their existence a hell.

It is not a hundred years ago that over 145 offenses in England were punishable by death. The hangmen were kept so busy that convict ships were invented as being more terrible than death. Women and children were sentenced to transportation for stealing a four-cent pie or a square of bleached linen. The world, ostensibly worshipping Christ in majestic cathedrals, in practice outdid the devil in hideous inhumanity.

Perhaps the most appealing thing to be seen in this ghost ship is the cells and waxen presentment of "The Six Men of Dorset."

Born in 1804, George Lovelace became a farm laborer. He got $1.75 a week. Anxious to better the condition of himself and his fellows, he organized a "Laborers' Society" to secure 25 cents increase. There were six members of this pioneer trades union, the famous "Six Men of Dorset," whose names should be dear to every workingman to-day struggling for his rights; they were George and James Lovelace, James Hammett, Thomas Stanfield, James Brine, and one named Clark.

When they presented humbly their requests the landowners and farmers made reply that from $1.75 their wages would be henceforth reduced to $1.50 to teach them a lesson; and, furthermore, if they complained again they would be arrested for conspiracy. A proclamation was issued threatening "to punish any man with seven years' transportation who joined a trade society." The "six men" were duly sentenced to seven years' transportation in Van Diemens Land. They served three years in the hell ship *Success* and in the chain gangs of Australia before the British conscience awoke, and, after great popular uprisings, they were pardoned.

Out of the past this ghost ship sails to us. Its solid oak we can touch. Its rusty iron manacles are all too tangible. Its hideous cells our feet may explore. Its appalling record books and documents we can see with our own eyes. Yet it is not true. It cannot be true. It is more monstrous than fiction.

God! to think that people of English blood could ever have held theories of life and of society in which such things were possible! And to think that even to-day there are those who still cry "Punish! punish!" while over all the great Christ repeats his two thousand year old message, "Heal! Help! Cure!"

HONOR

In order to understand, you must learn that many words, and especially words that stand for very high and important ideas, usually have two meanings, which are often directly opposite one to the other.

Love, for instance, may signify the very loftiest sentiment conceivable, even, as the theologians tell us, for the nature of the godhead; and, again, it may be used to indicate the most unintelligent desire.

One of these words with a dual meaning is "honor."

There is hardly a feeling in the human breast as praiseworthy as honor. It is the best form of self-respect. It is manliness or womanliness raised to the nth power. It is character consummate. It is the true foundation of business success, the basis of any happy marriage, and, altogether, the cleanest, brightest, and solidest moral metal in the spirit of man.

Naturally, so good a thing must be stolen by scoundrels for their counterfeit schemes. So we find some of the meanest, most selfish and caddish sentiments labelled "honor."

The duelling place was called "the field of honor," where two cowardly men afraid to trust their cause to justice and overawed by evil conventions, met for murder. It has taken the world a good many hundred years to see that duelling, far from being honorable, is unjust, contemptible, and settles nothing except to determine who has the most skillful arm.

There is a large portion of the world's population who still believe that it is honorable to be endowed, to be idle and to be useless. So far it has never been the custom to dub a farm hand or a machinist "the honorable Mr. So-and-so." Yet work is more honorable than sport, and earning money than getting it from your rich uncle.

But perhaps the worst inversion of the meaning of honor appears when the term is applied to nations.

Reading the speech of a certain "honorable" gentleman delivered in our national congress one receives the impression that self-restraint, courtesy, and the due processes of justice in established tribunals are dishonorable, while it is honorable to froth at the mouth, hurl defiance, and yelp for war upon the appearance of the least divergence of opinion between America and any other nation.

It seems to be honorable to spend billions preparing for war, but dishonorable to make plans for the settling of international disputes by arbitration.

It seems to be honorable to lie, quibble, and bluster when the terms of a treaty turn out to our advantage, and dishonorable to adjust the matter by amicable consultation and rearrangement.

It is honorable to be a profane, narrow, grafting, immoral "Christian" white man, in Africa, the Orient, and the Seven Seas; but it is dishonorable, it is sickly, mawkish cowardice to act as a decent gentleman.

When you hear a man blow about honor it is time to inquire just what brand of honor he means.

"For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men."

DEMOCRACY AND ORGANIZATION

THERE can be no democracy without organization.

A democracy whose units do not work together, where there is no co-ordination, will fall to pieces.

A monarchy, a tyranny, can get along without organizing the people. In fact, where the people have no team-play, there is where the despot is needed. Having no intelligent unity they must have an artificial unity, the unity of a superimposed brute force.

We fear standing armies. But such armies, in the days of Rome, were perfect machines composed of only a small number of people, and they ruled only because the rest of the populace was not drilled to keep step. In a true democracy the whole population—men, women, and children—should be a standing army, not necessarily to march and shoot, but, under equal discipline, to sow, reap and sell.

All despotisms have been due to a lack of organization among the common people. So nowadays, in the loose individualism of the city, any compact band of drilled men can control them. Hence we have the political party and the boss

system. A dozen ignorant, selfish, unscrupulous men, if well organized, can govern a thousand intelligent and honest people who will not get together.

The reason why democracy is impossible without organized unity is this: Democracy means a government in the interest of all the people, even the weakest, and the only power great enough to secure the weakest man his rights is the organized power of the whole state.

Where everything is left in a condition of free competition, human society is like the jungle of wild beasts, and the strong devour the feeble. In the United States a few powerful men, powerful by natural shrewdness or by having certain privileges, have exploited the populace for their own personal gain. They did this by co-operation, by forming trusts.

The only way to remedy this is for the people to form a better and stronger trust, to make of the state a trust able to swallow up the beef, milk, or railway trusts. You cannot go backward and make the trusts become competitive; a social consolidation once formed cannot be turned back to individualism; the only thing to do is to go on—is to organize the whole people into a trust.

There is no freedom worth the name except in perfect organization.

A state of pure individualism or anarchy always invites the man on horseback and the robber baron.

Freedom in a state keeps pace with organization; and in degree as each man does as he pleases tyrants prosper, whether feudal duke or Chicago ward boss.

The political party, the business trust, the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and all partial gettings-together of men are but drills and preliminary "setting up" exercises, wherein mankind is practising for the coming organized world-militia and world-business house, in which every living person has a responsible part.

We now have government "of the people"; it can become government "for the people and by the people" only by complete organization.

I do not advocate socialism; it connotes too much. But, unless we secure an organized democracy, we shall have by and by no democracy at all.

GLORY

WHAT mankind wants most of all is glory. It means the deed, the word, or the state of being which shines.

The real hell of men and women is dulness, dryness, humdrum.

The old painters put a line of light about the heads of saints. It was called a halo. It meant there was something in the nature of these superior souls that shone.

Moses's face shone when he came down from Sinai; Jesus's whole form shone on the Mount of Transfiguration, and there is a legend of an Irish saint who when praying in his lonely hut filled it so with light that luminous rays were seen issuing from the cracks of the wall. Buddhist lore is full of shining ones.

All this is an expression of the deep conviction of the race that the highest state of man is when he shines.

For this cause also anything that takes one "out of himself" has always been regarded by primitive peoples as something supernatural. This is why the Greeks worshipped Bacchus and imagined the toxic effect of wine to be divine. And to this

day men go to the bottle to get that semblance of uplift, to produce that illumination of the senses. A slang phrase suggests the truth of the matter, when it is said of a drunken man that he is "all lit up."

So the savage tribes everywhere have looked on insane persons as God's own, as sacred.

There is a great truth behind all these gropings. It is that the spirit of man craves something that will make it glow.

What we ask of you, poet, is to give us this. We care nothing about your word-juggling. Give us the luminous word.

What the child asks of the teacher is this; not facts and precepts, but that something that shall make the young mind burn.

What we ask of the preacher and prophet is not instruction; we know a deal now more than we can practise; but to make our souls "burn within us by the way."

What we ask of the novelist is not a clever plot nor perfect literature, but the torch, the electric shock.

The soul that glows not does not live; it vegetates, as a cabbage. It is an apple with no flavor, a dinner of chemical compounds without savor, a drab rose, an odorless lily, bread without butter, potatoes without salt, an unlit candle.

There has been much said of love, but the real reason why we make so much of it is that it makes life shine. It puts a halo on a common face, it

makes drudgery divine, it touches poverty with a fairy wand and makes it alive and rich.

In a word, love has that thing for which all human creation is hungry and thirsty—glory.

If I were a good fairy I should ask no greater gift than to have some flower juice, as Puck had, to squeeze on mortal eyes, so that the common things of earth would gleam like things of heaven.

A MAN'S COUNTRY

MME. PEDRAZZA, who was Miss Clark of Buffalo, returned to America after an absence of five years. She married a Spaniard. Although entirely contented herself she condemns marriages between American girls and Europeans.

"Spain," she says, "is essentially a man's country. The women are half a century behind the times. Not even a married woman is supposed to go out alone in the street by day or by night. The American girl either rebels against the artificial restrictions or they break her spirit."

That phrase, "a man's country," is a bit of thought-radium, and sends sharp rays in all directions.

"A man's country." That is what is the matter with Spain, also of all continental Europe, and in still more marked degree of the Asiatic Orient and of savage Africa.

Wherever you find a man's country you find fixity of absurd custom, ancient fraud buttressed and impregnable, injustice established by law and maintained by force. Mexico is a man's country.

Government from which women are excluded becomes rotten.

Anything from which women are shut out becomes feeble and offensive.

If there is anything I detest it is a room where men only are supposed to congregate.

The reason the American bar is a dirty place and the French, German, or Italian drinking resort is usually perfectly respectable and cheery is that men only are in the one and women also frequent the other.

The entrance of young women into downtown offices has elevated the tone of these offices 100 per cent.

A woman's place is everywhere. For wherever she goes she invariably brings decency and brightness.

I know of no place on earth where there are more glooms to the square inch than a man's club. It is as exclusive as Sahara. It is about as hard to get acquainted in one of them as it is to form acquaintances on the street.

A man-only school or college is a holdover from mediæval days. The boys tend to become either little bullies or little prigs.

Nature designed the sexes to mingle freely. The best thing in the world for a boy is to associate daily with girls.

Woman is a born civilizer. Whenever possible she ought to be side by side with man; otherwise he runs down at the heel and becomes second-class generally.

Women appreciate literature, art, government,

and religion more than men do. About all most men are good for is to make money, a business sadly overrated. As Charlie Case used to say, "Woman is superior to man in every way, 'shape and form.' "

The only reason I am satisfied to be a man is that I have the privilege of living with a woman. Think of having to live with men only!

Tradition has it that the angels are all male. There are no she-angels mentioned in the Bible. If I get to heaven and find it is for men only I surely will look for another place.

NOSERINGS

LATEST telegraphic reports from Paris indicate that the ear, so long concealed under a pendulant wad of hair by the decree of fashion, is emerging a bit. The lobe at least is about to creep out. There should be a dash of red smeared upon it deftly. Also there should be earrings.

Why earrings? The only reason for wearing them may perhaps be detected by the philosophical observer in the story told by Apelles, who rebuked a mediocre painter for depicting the divine Helen covered with jewels by saying, "You could not make her beautiful, so you made her rich."

But, if earrings, why not noserings? The nose is by far the most upstanding and conspicuous object of the face. It is as it were a natural flagpole or bill board; and if there is going to be any advertising done it would seem that the nose should have first place.

Why should a large diamond, worth the price of a horse and buggy, be placed in the comparative obscurity of the eartip when it might gleam upon the nose as the headlight of one's personality—and possessions?

Noserings have been and still are worn by the women of many races. In regions of Africa they constitute a large part of the apparel and serve as substitutes for shoes, skirts, corsets, and hats. Ordinary clothes are not considered en règle for ladies, while to appear without a nose-ring is indecent.

There is much in this custom of the simple daughters of nature to recommend it to our more sophisticated sisters, who are enchanting us with those delightfully primeval "reversions to type" known as the turkey trot, bunny hug, tango, and banana slide.

In the first place a nosering hurts. It is of prime importance that the article most loved in female apparel is the one which is most uncomfortable. Shoes are not stylish unless the heels are so high that the lady walks practically on her big toe. Corsets are poor unless they squeeze her vitals to the point of suffocation. Skirts are old-fashioned if they allow any freedom of movement to the legs. And the newest thing with arms is to bind them tight to the body.

For uncomfortability the nosering would have all these modes of torture "beat to a frazzle." It would give constant pain; it would render eating a misery, and kissing impossible. The wearer therefore would have that true, sublime martyr spirit that would render her the envied of all the enviers.

It is time our social arbiters turned from cloth-

ing and paid more attention to jewels. These are the true necessities of life. Clothes are common. Tradespeople wear them.

"Françoise," said the magnate's wife to her maid, as she entered the drawing room, as hostess, her broad expanse of front and back bedizened with jewels, "Françoise, I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace."

THE TAX OF IGNORANCE

The human race since time began has been preyed upon by parasites, bloodsuckers, and thieves. History is but a record of the systematic, institutional plunder of the people by the shrewd and selfish few. It has been a lamb populace managed by wolf exploiters. Mankind has been taxed incalculably, taxed of money, blood, life.

But of all known taxes that of Ignorance has been the greatest, includes perhaps all other taxes. All the tyrannies of rulers, kings, upper castes and cabals have not equalled in their pillage the amount robbed of humanity by Ignorance. All the pirates of the Spanish Main, all the buccaneers, freebooters, highway robbers, burglars, and thugs have not taken from us so vast a pile of goods as has this same Ignorance. Not all the swindling schemes of mining shares, watered railway stocks, wildcat investments, predatory trusts, stock exchanges, and money powers have so depleted us as Ignorance. All our loss by waste and profligacy cannot equal our loss by Ignorance.

Ignorance claims its cent. per cent. in all trades.

Nine-tenths of the failures are due to Ignorance. Boys enter into business untrained, uninformed; they go down in the struggle. The slums and prisons are full of men who stumbled into crime because they entered the battle for success without skill or weapons.

Civilization systematically keeps its girls in ignorance of the laws of their bodies, of the significance and functions of sex. The horde of women wrecks that swarm in our cities is the resulting tax of Ignorance. How much domestic tragedy is due to the same cause! Our entire literature teems with sex-suggestion; we do everything to arouse passion, nothing to instruct it.

In the way of hygiene what a measureless tribute the race has paid to Ignorance. The pests of former ages, cholera, the black death, and the red death, the multitudes of corpses heaped up, simply because people did not know enough to keep clean!

The myriad lives that have been darkened, and bodies tortured, by sincere but narrow men playing upon the common Ignorance of the unknown! This tax which the hierarchy has levied on the light and joy of souls is perhaps most horrible of all. A tax due to pure Ignorance.

War, it is impossible to pile up superlatives of execration, curses cannot be screamed too loud, to do justice to its abysmal infamy; and there never was a war that was not due to Ignorance. The spectre of every war shall arise on Judgment

Day to point a denouncing finger at the rulers of men; for it is only to cover their stupidity that the commons are led forth to slaughter. "There never was a war that could not have been better settled in some other way." Add, then, to your tax of Ignorance all them that sleep in mounds by the Rappahannock, that perished at Ladysmith, San Juan, or Sadowa, and all other of those orgies of blood and hate that fill the pages of history as the stars fill the sky.

Think of the tax of economic Ignorance! Money piled up in extravagance here, and yonder human creatures starving; all because we don't know how to distribute the products of labor!

Look at the human beings crowded like cattle into the street cars, look at the public everywhere insulted, bullied, assaulted, and we submit, because we don't know how to help ourselves.

The most economical thing the United States could do would be to spend a billion dollars more a year to give all children an education, and thus do what may be done to remove the taxation imposed by Ignorance.

It is the only way!

NOW

I AM glad I am alive and that I am living in these opening years of the twentieth century. For these present times are the greatest and best the world has ever seen.

The Greek thanked the gods he was a Greek and not a barbarian, a free man and not a slave, a man and not a woman. I shall content myself with thanking God I am living in the nineteen hundreds and not in any previous century.

Men on earth to-day have more good food to eat and purer water to drink than ever before. Sailors can carry canned tomatoes and succotash where formerly they could only take salt horse and weevilly biscuit. I can stop in at the butcher shop, get a beefsteak and grill it on my gas stove in a jiffy, instead of having to build a fire and wait for a bed of coals. If I breakfast at home there are at hand any one of thirteen kinds of scientifically prepared cereals, instead of only the corn meal and hominy of the days of our fathers.

We have better underwear, stockings and outer garments than Richard Cœur de Lion or J. Cæsar ever dreamed of.

We get purer water out of the kitchen faucet than grandpa ever drew up with his old oaken bucket.

The civilized world is freer from pests than ever before; the terrible black deaths of former ages are now unknown.

Whereas it used to be a serious and most unpleasant undertaking to journey from New York to Philadelphia, one can go these days around the circle of the earth, traveling as comfortably as if he were in a city hotel.

We are living in the days of graft exposures; in former times graft was even worse, only it wasn't exposed.

Above all this, it is the era of the common people. They are getting forward, saucy, impudent, even rampageous; whereat I rejoice. From East to West they are arising and smiting. They have shipped royalty out of Portugal; they have tweaked the distinguished nose of aristocracy in England; they are threatening to oust William's family and military bureaucracy from Germany and turn the government over to the people, who pay for it; they are in the saddle in France and giving that country the best government it ever had; they are raising the Old Nick in the Balkans against Turkish tyranny, and they have even turned ancient and fixed China upside down.

In the United States of America the welfare of the common man is ceasing to be politics and becoming religion.

And, speaking of religion, was there ever an age before this when moral sap was flowing so free, when righteousness was more universally appealed to, when ethics was less in control of hierarchic close corporations, when humbuggery was more sure to be shot to pieces by ridicule, and when the river of God flowed so freely through the streets of the city?

Thank God for now!

RED

THROUGH the green earth runs a red stream. It is the blood of men.

When this stream enters upon a wild continent, forests become houses, rivers bear cities, as pearls upon their silver thread, deserts are watered and become fruitful, mountains are tunnelled, the earth is corded with wires whereon thoughts run, and all things are mastered by the red line.

Green is a mighty color, the hue of the field and forest; and yellow is imperial, the tint of the sun and of gold; and blue is vast and infinite, the tone of the sea and of the sky above it; but red is lord of them all, for it is the cast of what is mightier than all—life.

Red is the color of force. Hence, it is the fighting color. It is not without reason that the British soldier wears a red coat and the French soldier red trousers, that the Turk puts on a red fez and the anarchist waves a red flag. Red means life at its fiercest activity.

Everybody knows that red excites the bull. Professor W. Peabody Bartlett is authority for the statement that red also makes the rooster

crow, the dog bark, the spider bite, and the wasp sting.

It is because red incites to interest self expression that tradition has clothed the Devil in this tint; as goodness has been usually understood to consist in submission to authority and conforming to custom, and badness in following one's own lead.

Red is the sign of authority; it is the color of the cardinal's hat.

It is the signal of individuality and rebellion. For long it was the custom upon the stage to dress every adventuress, every woman of the half world, in clothes of this shade.

Curiously enough, red is also the sign of innocence in mediæval symbolism. In the paintings in the Boston public library, by Abbey, of scenes in the life of Sir Galahad, the hero is clothed in red. While white expresses the innocence of ignorance, of virgins and celibates, red is the expression of the innocence of the wise and tried, of the warrior for truth, and of all who battle blamelessly in this naughty world.

The Jews were forbidden by the laws of Moses to consume the blood of animals; it was to be poured out upon the ground, as sacred unto the Lord, "for the blood is the life."

So, should the great eyes of some mighty spirit look down upon this earth and take cognizance thereof, of all its doings and creations, the object that would interest him most would be the

red stream of life, coming down the cascades of the centuries, flowing everywhere upon land and sea, and manifesting itself always in power and lordship.

WHAT TO DO

A VERY great and wise man came to America. His fame was such that all the nation believed that to follow his advice in anything would bring success.

So all the legislatures of all the states elected representatives to meet at Washington and ask him what to do.

When they had gathered together he asked them, "What do you want most?"

They answered, "To get rid of crime and criminals, to stop the social evil, to abolish our slums, to clean our states and cities of poverty."

"Very well," he replied. "It will take thirty-three years, or one generation, but if you will faithfully do as I say you will certainly succeed."

Whereupon there was loud applause and exulting; and they said: "Tell us what to do, and upon our lives and honor we will most surely do it."

"I will tell you a week from to-day," he responded.

This he said in order that the enthusiasts who had ideas of reforming the people might make their suggestions.

And they came to him post haste, all sorts. Preachers and priests came, saying they hoped he would say to give more money to churches and have grand revivals and get everybody converted. All kinds of political and economical apostles besieged him; single taxers, socialists, anarchists, progressives, and prohibitionists, and all had their say.

But upon the set day he arose before the delegates and said:

"All the plans you have proposed to me have their good points, but all have a fatal weak spot, which is that they deal with adults.

"I do not propose to bother with them. They will all be dead anyhow in a few years. Besides, what you do with one adult crop of people must be done anew with the next. It is a fool way of trying to improve the race. Hence, go on as you are now doing. It is the best you know and will last your time. Sixty years from now, when your children and grandchildren are at the helm of things, all your reform programmes will fade away useless.

"This is what to do. First, enlarge your public school system until it provides for the free education and economic support of all the population under twenty.

"Second, to raise money for this cause the state to be an equal partner in every concern or with every individual who has a hundred thousand

dollars or more; one-half the profits or income to go to the state to support its children.

"Third, so reform your public schools that the children therein shall be taught how to live; that is, first of all, moral character, including honesty, cleanliness, the value of truth, and of courage to tell and live the truth.

"Train them in politics. Let the schools be as democratic as the nation. Do not govern the children. Teach them how to govern themselves. Let it be ground into every girl and boy that it is disgraceful not to take an active part in the organization of the ward, city, state, and nation.

"Just pay due attention to one generation of children and it will save you a hundred years' labor with the adults."

This plan being so simple the delegates felt their intelligence insulted and said: "What! And did we come here to be told about children?" Also the reformers and institution-job-holders cried out upon him. The upshot of it all was that they seized the man and threw him into a madhouse.

THE COMMONPLACE

THE people of the world may be divided into two classes, those who find their happiness in the usual, and those who find their happiness in the unusual.

The first are as a rule healthy, contented, helpful, and optimistic.

The second are as a rule morbid, restless, pessimistic, and nuisances to all around them.

The most important thing for a human being to learn, is it not how to live his life with a maximum of contentment and care of body and mind, and the minimum of friction?

Those have discovered what is perhaps the greatest secret of existence, who have come to realize that it is in the commonplace that one is to find permanent satisfaction; and that the extraordinary, strange, and occasional sources of pleasure are to be regarded as a matter by the way, not to be taken account of in their programme.

Yet the majority of silly mortals never learn this. Consequently, most people are more or less soured, peevish, and discontented.

It is the duty of our teachers to lead us back to the enjoyment of life's everydayness.

The sum of culture, of wisdom, and of intelligent experience consists in an appreciation of the ordinary events and circumstances, and in a proper discounting of the occasional.

The happiest wife and mother is the one whose delight is in the daily round of the home, the companionship of her husband, the care and guidance of her children. The unhappiest is the wife who is longing to escape this, who calls it drudgery, and whose pleasures are found only in the occasional excursion, theatre, or social diversion.

The happiest business man is the man to whom business is fun. The unhappiest is the man who looks upon his occupation as a grind and whose pleasure is in breaking away.

The happiest workman is the one who enjoys his work; the unhappiest is the one whose work worries him and who is always looking forward to getting away from it.

The great sources of human joy are all commonplace.

They are nature, love, and self-expression (work and play). Anybody can have these. They are as common as dirt. They are as near to the reach of the section hand as to the reach of the railway president. They lie as close to the grocer as to the college professor.

Any one can learn how to get the honey of

joy from nature, from her sun and wave and field. Any one can love and be loved, and fully as gloriously in a tenement as in a mansion. Any one can find work to do and games to play thereby. Two clerks playing seven-up on a soap box in a back room can get precisely as much fun out of the game as two dress-suited Charlies in a plush-lined clubhouse.

The cheaper and commoner a thing, the more joy juice in it. For there is more exhilaration, take it by and large, in water, than in all varieties of booze, more good feelings produced by bread and butter than by cake and Bar-le-Duc, more comfort in loving your wife and playing with your children than in loving other men's wives and regarding children as a bore.

I call a man truly converted, or enlightened, or born again, or emancipated, or whatever expression suits you, when he has weeded out of his soul the lust for the exceptional, and when he has learned that the greatest fun in the world is to live and to enjoy those pleasures of life that are common to all the race.

In time past people could see religion only in extraordinary things, in miracles, abnormal saints, and esoteric tommyrot; now the world is awakening to see that it is the daily existence that is made free and joyous by faith.

Happiness is a fruit that grows low along the ground; little children and wise men pick it. Fools are looking up at the trees.

MAKING THE IDEAL REAL

THE Supreme Being's name is the Creator.

Man is a child of Him. Consequently the divinest thing he does is to create.

He cannot make something out of nothing, but he can do what is almost as miraculous, he can make the real out of the ideal.

The root meaning of the word "poet" is "maker." How he "makes" is indicated in the familiar lines of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream":

> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

There is a dash of poetry in all good work, whether housekeeping, railroading, or millinery. Just that flash of the ideal made real distinguishes the artist from the artisan, craftsmanship from labor, the author from the hack writer.

This is the true patent of nobility, the seed of

undying fame. A cheap, low deed can bring you notoriety; only that deed where the ideal becomes real can bring you genuine fame, which is "a monument more lasting than brass."

The "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah" is sung throughout Christendom every Christmas. It is king of choruses. No composition has successfully disputed its place. That is because Handel saw heaven opened and heard the angels of God singing, and somehow made his fancy real in music.

When you see Michael Angelo's "Moses," or Leonardo Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," or the cathedral of Cologne, you have the strange feeling of something peeping out at you from the infinite unreal; you are brushed by the breath of eternity.

But the great masters are set as lighthouses to guide common lives. You and I, in our small corner, can live as luminously if we catch their secret.

Marriage that has lost its poetry, its sense of ideal values, the tender spiritual significancies of love, becomes a prison and a horror.

Motherhood is irksome where no unseen wings flutter above the cradle.

What laboring men need more than any of the things they are organizing to get, is the spirit that shall change work into craft; for a man's best wage is of the spirit.

It is the power to make the ideal real that makes the cook a chef, the actor a star, the singer a diva,

the preacher a prophet, the teacher a spiritual torch, the politician a statesman, the editor a "prime minister of public opinion," the woman "a spirit yet a woman, too."

The only beneficent part of religion is the color, warmth, and glow it gives to humdrum lives.

The world is hungry and thirsty for this power to make real the ideal. Down in the core of our souls we do not want money nor blare of place and prestige; we want the touch of the Ithuriel spear that shall make daily things wonderful, shoot our commonplace existence through with bright miracles, and rain mystery, light, and beauty into barren days.

THE OLDER SISTER

SHE was one of those born-motherly souls. There are some women (for them our warmest thanks go up to heaven) who come into this selfish world equipped with the mothering instinct.

She was the Older Sister. The mother, a weak, lovable, and entirely incompetent being, died after she had brought six girls into life.

The Older Sister moved naturally up into the mother's place. She looked after the younger sisters, mended their stockings, kept their frocks neat and their bedrooms in order, their hair combed, and their nails cleaned.

She watched the home expenditures, checked up the grocery man, and saw to it that the cook prepared something fit to eat.

She also attended to father, had his suits pressed, his laundry well done, and his slippers ready.

There are two classes of human beings. One assumes responsibility. The other avoids it. She assumed it. The others unanimously let her.

She sent the children to school. She got most of their lessons for them. She was the high wall

and the shepherd dog and the rear guard of that family.

She saw them all married. Then she herself was married. She was beautiful, with a demure kind of beauty. Her husband adored her.

He took her away and loaded her with attentions. He surrounded her with servants. Luxuries were at her hand.

She pined away. She was not happy. Some women are by nature wives and some are by nature mothers. She ought to have had children, but had none.

One day her husband was brought home a cripple. He had been in a railway accident. He would never be well again.

They said he should be taken to the hospital. There she stood firm, insisting that she would care for him herself. So she nursed him. And began to pick up. To be coddled did not agree with her; coddling some one she loved gave her health and happiness.

After her husband died she began taking care of her sisters' children. Her sisters handed them over to her as a matter of course. She mothered them all, planned, worked, and dreamed for them.

Her whole life was spent in an unending sacrifice for others. Perhaps she "deserved no credit" for this, because she liked to do it.

Once, when she was fifteen, her father brought home six large, red apples. She gave each of her sisters one, laying her own on the kitchen shelf.

They devoured theirs. Then the two smallest came and stood about looking at the apple on the shelf. She cut it in two and gave each one-half. They ate joyfully.

Their explanation of this was that sister did not like apples!

Perhaps the Older Sister was deficient in some way, and possibly there was truth in the remarks of some neighbors, that she lacked spirit, that she never amounted to much, and that she would have done better to have asserted her rights.

Perhaps.

But, please, Lord, don't stop making such as she!

MARRIAGE AND PERSONALITY

My dear Clara and George—You ask me to give you a little advice as you are starting upon your honeymoon. Nothing is easier. Advising is the best thing I do. It is practising that comes hard.

I have seen many successful marriages; and not a few failures. Of course, no set of rules could indicate with certainty the way of success, because marriage is an adjustment of two personalities, and personality is the most intricate and least understood of subjects. Still, here goes for a few hints.

First, let each other alone. Don't undertake to rule. Don't attempt to control your partner. Respect his individuality. (And whenever I say "him" I include "her.") Let him have his own religion, politics, tastes, views on art and literature, opinions about baked potatoes, shoes, shirts, and newspapers. Unity of opinion is impossible unless one party is a nonentity. The only kind of union that is workable and can be permanent is unity in love and service. To seek union in tastes, ideas, and beliefs is to insure contention and

alienation. So that, if you clearly have it recognized at the first that each of you is to live his own life in his own way, you will save your matrimonial craft from shipwreck upon those rocks where nine-tenths of the disasters occur.

The Bible says, "They twain shall be one flesh." Marriage is a physical oneness. The soul-mate idea is not only false but dangerous. Two souls can never be one. If they were to become so they would lose their charm. Each must retain its individuality. Your spirit is your own, not your husband's nor your wife's.

It is from this difference of personalities that friendship arises. One who always agrees with you, accepts your views as his own, and in general sneezes when you take snuff, sinks to the position of your slave, your mistress, or your valet. To have something like an enjoyable friendship there must be an interplay of minds, based upon perfect liberty of thought and taste.

Do not try to probe into each other's mind and heart too deeply. Love is a matter of faith, not of knowledge. Keep a little apart. Respect each other's privacy of feeling and opinion. Many a love has been killed by an insane desire to tear off all the veils of the soul.

You must believe in each other. You must trust, and that implies that you do not know. Loving your wife or husband is much the same in quality as loving God, and the effect of perfect love and confidence in one case is not unlike the other.

Marriage is always a compromise. It needs daily exercise in conciliation and concession.

Selfishness is its destruction; selfishness which brings pride and jealousy, stubbornness and self-pity, and all the maudlin weaknesses that undermine the strength of love. Hence, be yourself, let your partner be himself or herself, be unselfish and be loyal. Above all, cling to love, and do not sacrifice it for any other thing.

THE FOUR GREAT DEMOCRACIES

A DEMOCRACY is a social condition where every human being is valued at his intrinsic worth.

The opposite to democracy is such a condition as values a man according to some artificial or conventional standard; as, for instance, because he has money, or because he is a member of some exclusive group.

In democracy each man gets precisely what he earns. In contradistinction to this is the state of things where men get what they have not earned, for any reason whatever.

In the coming state each man will be allowed what he earns and no more. The profits arising from combinations in business, from capital, from the natural rise in values, or from any other source, excepting the earning capacity of the individual, will go to the state.

Democracy is not new. It is a force, of feeling and of reason, as old as humanity. Its other name is justice.

There are four great democracies, realms of effort in which it has never been possible to estab-

lish permanent unearned privilege, such as has been set up in society, government, and money-making. They are as follows:

Art, Religion, Love and Work. In these "a man's a man for a' that."

Art includes painting, drawing, sculpture, music, and literature. These are republics. No schemes of men have ever been able to make monarchies out of them, nor to inject into them unjust privileges.

No artist can leave his talent to his son. It dies with him.

No artist has ever climbed to the heights of fame, and remained there, by any other means than his own exertions.

Place, honor, and reward in art is regulated by pure justice. You can keep a Negro from office in Alabama, but you cannot keep the Negro-blooded Alexandre Dumas and Samuel Taylor Coleridge from being kings, the one in story-telling, the other in music.

You may bar a Rousseau or a Voltaire or a Poe from the church or the city council on account of a failure to measure up to the mark in morals, but no amount of moral lapse can prevent them from taking their place in the high-priesthood of art.

Art asks but one question: "What can you do?" It cares not one whit who is your father, what is your conduct, nor how much money you have.

Religion is an essential democracy. For a

thousand years a steady attempt has been made to organize it on the class system; but the twentieth century is realizing that the Founder of Christianity intended His following to be upon a pure manhood basis. Sectarianism is waning. Religion is growing.

Love is the stubbornest of democracies. We never can be made to love any one because he or she has privilege, place or power. Men and women have always loved one another for themselves alone, and always will to the end of time. Any love that is not for pure personal worth and charm is not love at all, but a degrading substitute. In the realm of lovers is equal suffrage.

Work is democratic. Among the men who do things it is the person who can do things who counts. When you go to digging ditches, building houses, laying brick, or running a locomotive, it makes not the slightest difference to your employer whether you belong to the first families or have a million dollars in the bank.

All the vast work of this world, all the rank and file of the people who are producing, transporting, and improving the products of earth, is organized by necessity upon the ground of merit alone. There are exceptions, but inconsiderable.

It is only among the professionally idle that aristocracies (the artificial kind) persist. Kings, nobles, millionaires, the endowed, those who hold sinecures, sects, clubs, lodges, social sets, and the

like continue to cherish the doctrine of unearned goods.

The real people of the world live among the eternal democracies of art, religion, love, and work.

A VISION OF HANDS

A VISION of hands.

God's machines. Man's machines, makers of all other machines. Machines brain-directed, instinct guided, skill incarnate, spiritual symbols.

Hands deft and busy, hands of the old woman sitting in the sun knitting while her mind is elsewhere, the virtuoso's hands like white mice upon the keyboard bringing forth showers of sounds, hands of the violinist feeling for the exquisite edges of tones, of the flutist unstopping melodies, the waving hand of the conductor and the hands of the orchestra moving in military team-play.

Hands that speak. Hands of the deaf and dumb spelling words. Hands upraised in amazement, dropped in despair, wrung in anguish, covering the eyes in shame, or the ears to shut out words too dreadful.

Hands instinct with emotion, clasped in friendship, clenched in anger, fisted and shaken in threat, pointing in admonition, fidgeting in irritation, picking in nervousness, held out in welcome, waving in farewells, beckoning, warning, now dancing like butterflies, now quiet in sleep.

Hands moving the pen, clicking the typwriter,

operating the linotype machines, setting type, working the printing press.

Hands creative, drawing sketches, painting pictures, decorating walls, carving statues, building houses, making dresses, hats, and shoes, weaving, spinning, boring with augers, smiting with hammers, pushing with planes, cutting with chisels, severing with saws, gauging with plumb-lines, measuring with tapes, yardsticks, and surveyor's chains.

Hands of them that do the world's dirty work. Hands of the maid who scrubs the floor, of the Slav woman mopping the hall in the office building, bleached hands of the dishwasher, strong, red hands of the washerwoman slapping, soaping, and wringing the linen, muscular hands grasping the iron, the broom-stick, the mop-handle, the dust-cloth, the pots, and skillets.

Hands upon the locomotive throttle, upon the automobile steering-wheel, upon the motorcycle handle, upon the aeroplane gear. Hands which if but negligent or awkward a second would bring death.

Hands drawing back the bow-string, pressing the trigger of the automatic revolver, manipulating the army rifle, loading the eight-inch cannon, swinging the sandbag and the lead pipe, holding the brass knuckles, the dagger, the club. Hands of crime, individual and national.

Hands plying the whip upon little children, the cat-o'-nine-tails upon the naked backs of seamen,

instruments of torture upon heretics, scourging the Christ. Hands of hate.

Hands of the surgeon creeping among the mazes of life, feeling the pulse, delivering the child, holding the hypodermic syringe, the lancet, the stethoscope.

Hands of fair women, combing and twisting the hair, powdering the face, penciling the eyebrows, tying ribbons, patting furbelows, buttoning, hooking, matching, arranging.

Hands plump and baby-fat; hands dry, old, veined, like a tree-trunk. Hands manicured and soft as velvet; hands gnarled, twisted, hard as leather. Hands gloved and tender; hands brown, three-fingered, scarred.

Hands hoeing, plowing, driving, wheeling barrows, handling pitch-forks, cleaning stables, digging ditches, making gardens, cultivating farms.

Hands of mothers caressing the child's cheek, of nurses smoothing hot brows, of lovers piddling palms.

Hands folded in prayer, upraised in benediction, extended in excommunication.

Busy hands, myriad-functioned, spirit-moved, soul-impregnated, the moving semaphores of life.

Swarms of hands, fluttering as birds; beneath them spring up giant buildings, monuments, bridges, railways, the wonders of the world.

Hands at last folded forever across the breast.

At last Death, and the sea of beckoning spirit hands of them that have gone before.

RELIGION

THERE appeared in the newspapers the other day an account of a man who had invented a new religion; he was rewriting the Bible. God had revealed certain things to him.

Among the truths he had received by revelation were these:

There are ten days in the week, instead of seven; their names are Sabbath, Air, Water, Animals, Units, Earth, Plants, Birds, Man, and Salvation. Ten; count 'em. Instead of saying you will call next Tuesday or Friday, you would say next Animals or Birds.

On Salvation he celebrates the Lord's Supper, which consists of chocolate drops.

The world is ten million and two years old. The year, however, is not all what you think it to be. It is composed of 189 and some odd trillions of minutes.

There are many other items that have been communicated to him from heaven by private wire. He says: "It is all too complicated to explain till you see it all—then it is so beautifully simple." Doesn't that sound natural?

The author of this made his money by invent-

ing a "hair compound" and a non-fillable bottle, has now retired from business, and is devoting his energies to the propagation of the faith.

Attention is called to this case, not for the purpose of ridiculing this man, for he has a perfect right to believe the moon is made of green cheese if he wants to, and that those who hold to the belief that it is camembert will be eternally lost; but for the purpose of showing, by this strange and marked instance, the curious survival, in the popular mind, of the pagan notion of religion.

Most people still imagine that a man's religion consists in the theories or fancies he entertains about the universe, how it was made and how it will be destroyed; also his acceptance of certain facts of history and his idea of certain facts of the future.

I will say nothing of the popular "beliefs" of people, because they are unusually sensitive on that point, so sensitive indeed that it is not considered good form even to mention them.

But at least I may be allowed to call attention to what religion is.

It is a passion for righteousness. As Beecher used to say, it is morality touched with emotion.

The man who does right because he loves it is religious. Whoever does wrong because he loves it is irreligious. And whoso does right, not because he likes to, but because it pays, is non-religious.

That is the core of the matter, the substance; all the rest is trimmings.

When one loves to do what he ought to do, when ought and love melt into one thing, he is truly religious.

What he thinks about creation, ancient history, and the millennium is not the gist of the thing.

People never quarrel over their religion, they quarrel over their fancies. "All good men are of one religion," said the philosopher.

That religion is the love of right, and the hate of wrong. The only "damnable heretic" is the man that has not this love and hate.

THE SEX AND ALCOHOL BOMB-THROWERS

It is an odd state of things that, while one's reputation is his dearest possession, it is that which is least protected and most exposed to the attack of his enemies.

Ordinarily when a man is slandered he can but keep silence and trust to his record and to the loyalty of his friends, because retaliation makes matters worse. But the blood often boils at the thought of the infamous power of the mud-slinger.

We are living practically under a government by public opinion, which, take it all in all, is about the best sort of government yet devised. It has, however, its drawbacks.

A reputation is the work of years; into it a man puts his whole life. Any malicious human insect can destroy it in a moment, or damage it.

The slanderer is on a level with the bomb-thrower; he is the spiritual nihilist. With a few dollars' worth of dynamite the anarchist can blow up a building; with a few choice words the black-mailer can wreck a family.

The two standard themes favored by the slanderer are sex and alcohol.

Speaking of alcohol, perhaps nothing has done more to alienate good people from the various "temperance" movements that from time to time have swept the country, than the vicious cruelty, not to say nasty-mindedness, of those whom Howard Crosby used to call "temperance wild beasts."

I remember once sitting by the side of President McKinley at a banquet, where to my certain knowledge he took one sip of champagne and then pushed his wine glasses away. The next day he was branded as a "drinker" by the prohibition papers, and I heard many a speech and read many an editorial in "religious" papers, condemning him for his tippling. This is more than unjust; it is nasty.

In all sex stories people have a morbid interest. The duty of newspapers regarding news items of this kind is a serious one. Some publicity for divorce proceedings, and similar cases which make good reading matter solely because of their lubricity, is doubtless necessary. But the temptation to go beyond the line of public morals is tremendous, and few journals are without blame.

When a slanderer owns a newspaper what is the aggrieved citizen to do? It is interesting to note that Ben Franklin, himself a printer as well as a philosopher and statesman, expressed himself on this point. He insisted that there should be no law curbing the freedom of the press, but saw that a man unjustly attacked ought to have some

redress, and therefore suggested that he be allowed to "lick the editor."

Are there loop-holes in our civilization, cracks and crevices of personal rights the law does not cover? Is the argument of fists and raw-hiding ever justifiable? Far be it from me to say yes; but if there do exist such exceptional instances they are those where the cads and blackguards make use of the sex or alcohol story to satisfy their dirty vengeance.

I confess that all such scandalous exposures make me sick at the stomach, and I would to God we might somehow be spared them.

WHY MEN WORK

In proportion as a man is a true man he is a servant. The biggest word in the dictionary is duty. The divinest of verbs is ought.

To grow up means to encounter responsibility. The world is full of Peter Pans—that is to say, of men and women who shrink from the burdens of maturity.

But sooner or later to every one of us come the burden and the task. We flee it, we dodge and squirm, but it pursues us, inevitable and stern.

The inner ear of each man's soul hears the voice of Life: "Find your work, and do it!" Only by obedience to this command can he find peace. If he disobeys, by and by comes fate, with a persuasive word or with a "grievous crab-tree cudgel," with tragedy and thorns, or with nausea and weariness, and drives him to his place.

The world is governed and kept going by a few strong instincts; but among these not the least is that feeling that cannot be sponged from the human heart, the feeling that "I have a work to do, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!"

There never was a more superficial, cheap, and nasty delusion than that men work only for gain,

and that if you take away wages and the hope of becoming wealthy all human kind would lapse into laziness.

The contrary is true. No really good work was ever done for a reward. The best work of the world, and the greater part of the work of the world, is done for the same reason that children play; it is because men would be wretched without activity, because unless men produce, create, and play the mighty game of business they die of the worm.

Work is the normal functioning of the adult. Mankind builds bridges, bores tunnels, constructs ocean liners, erects skyscrapers, paints pictures, writes books, and grinds flour because there is joy and health.

A man with no job, with no part of life's burden accepted and carried, is no man. He bears the same relation to humanity that flies and snakes bear. He is a curse and an incubus.

And is it not singular that one great desire seems to be to lay up enough money so that our children "will not have to work"?

Let us thank God that riches have wings, for if they should remain fixed their leaden weight would asphyxiate the world.

THE TREE OF TREES

I HAVE never been there, but I want to go; to the country of Mexico, to the town of Oaxaca, thence east two and a half leagues to the village of Santa Maria del Tule, and there in the graveyard to look upon a tree, the oldest known living thing on the planet, to sit in its shelter, to put my hand upon its trunk, to feel its shade penetrate my soul with such a sense of years as no other terrestrial object can give.

If I were a heathen man I should worship not only the sun but the tree. Of all plant life the tree seems nearest man.

At the traditional beginning of human existence is the tree of knowledge in the Garden of Eden; at the end the tree of life in Heaven.

The tree is man's storehouse, furnishing him with shelter, food, building material, furniture, and weapons. It is mankind's oldest friend.

Victor Hugo points out how the river with its tributaries is made upon the pattern of the tree with its branches. Look at your map and see the tree-like lines of the Amazon and the Mississippi.

This tree of Mexico is fifty centuries old. It

was old when Adam, Eve and the Devil were playing their three-cornered tragedy in Paradise.

It heard from the winds the stories of the rise and fall of Babylon, Nineveh, and the obliterated civilization of Yucatan.

Primeval monsters have lounged in its shade, ape-men have fought beside it, its memory goes back to when there were no men.

Long, silent ages it lived before the Norsemen ever saw the New World, or Columbus sighted its islands, or Cortez butchered its inhabitants. But it was old when Europe was a wilderness and England a savage isle.

It is older than any monument made by human hands; beside it the pyramids are young, the temples of Karnak and Luxor, even the sculptured bricks of Birs Nimrod.

The giant sequoias of California were found by John Muir to have lived but 4,000 years, mere babes compared to the cypress of Santa Maria del Tule.

Life, so ephemeral and fluctuating a thing, has here its strangest home, an organism that outspans the history of a race.

About it go the insects that live but a day and the human creatures that may live fourscore years; to the tree they seem the same.

Some day I shall go there. I shall linger under its branches to see if I can hear in its sighing leaves some whisper of eternity. I shall touch its bark, and it will seem as if I had clasped the rugged

hand of one of the demiurges who helped make the world. My heart shall feed upon the centuries. Time and the small concerns of my life will drop from me as a garment and I shall feel the thrill of that saying, "From everlasting to everlasting."

That is why I want some time to go to Mexico and to Oaxaca, thence east two leagues and a half to Santa Maria del Tule, and to the graveyard there, and to the tree of trees.

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

Most of our life we are asleep, not only when we are unconscious in our beds, but also when we are walking about.

Plato's idea was that the best of what we think in this life consists in a few things we remember from a previous existence; and Wordsworth said that "our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

Sometimes there comes to us a sharp consciousness of the unreality of our existence. The sense of its dream stuff invades us. We and all men and women seem somnambulists.

The daily round captures us. We become benumbed by the humdrum. We can do nothing without system, and system dulls us. So we sink into a kind of dim dream life, in which we rise, eat, go to business, to amusement, to bed.

This outward routine stains our inward thought. We feel as if we were a little spiritual tooth in the immense cog-wheel of the universe. Life loses its wonder. We are surprised at nothing, as in dreams.

Then come those things destiny has set for our wakening; sharp spines of pain, thunder crashes of tragedy, lightning darts of disaster; or perhaps

the comic, for sometimes a smile or gibe can "stab us wide awake" better than the surgical blade of sorrow.

Sometimes the alarm clock of the soul is but a mood, a "moment of mental splendor," a natural cloud-lifting of the spirit. This spirit illumination we can once and again trace to a physical cause, to the stomach or liver or the sex feeling, by that strange wiring together of body and soul. Another time it will be due apparently to a friend, an event, or some other exteriority. Or it may occur for no discernible cause.

But, however the waking may take place, it is an hour when, to use the language of John Masefield, "we have suggestions of something bigger than ourselves, suggestions of reality, beauty, and order, apprehensions of something stable, behind the flowing and ebbing of life, and apprehensions of something divine, some quality of mind or soul outside us, more real than we."

The woman in society has one of these moments, a shattering vision of what her life might mean if it were real. The woman over her washtub stops, looks up—a thought has whipped her tired mind awake; it is but a passing glimpse, and life descends again into the suds. The business man leaves the papers on his desk and looks far away; his soul rises a moment into what life might be, as a flying fish leaps a gleaming flash into the air.

Death is the supreme awakener. Then the

usual and crowding affairs of existence, that seemed so weighty, dissolve into their true nothingness, and the great realities rise like moons upon the soul.

The dream is over. When the body goes to its last bed the soul gets up.

HUMAN NATURE

Poor human nature seems to be the goat.

If anything is the matter with your scheme, blame it on human nature. Your ideas, plans, institutions, theories and conspiracies are of course all right; they break down because they have only faulty human nature to deal with.

For a thousand years or so theologians insisted that human nature is as full of meanness as drug store ice cream is full of bacilli. It is still considered a self-evident platitude that man is by nature low-down and hankering to plunge into crime. All that holds him back seems to be Mrs. Grundy, policemen, fear and hell fire.

All of which I do not in the least believe. On the contrary, human nature is a deal better than any institution or theory it has ever produced.

Human nature is better than any laws made to govern it. It is better than all governments that undertake to regulate it. It has more inborn goodness than all the reformers who are trying to improve it.

It was human nature that made life tolerable under the tyranny of ancient Rome, and livable during the filth and darkness of mediævalism.

It is human nature that antidotes the crazy narrowness of the fanatic, alleviates the merciless processes of business, and tempers the cold arrogance of science.

Human nature sprouts up eternally, as the wild flowers in the woods, and not all the barren excellences of civilization can kill it.

It is not law nor gospel, it is human nature, that makes mothers love their little babies, husbands and wives cling together for better or for worse, strong people care for the weak and aged; that makes children happy, grown folks industrious, and old persons content; that keeps rich people charitable and poor people brave.

"Your millennial schemes are good enough," it is said, "if it were not for human nature. It is that which prevents your having the ideal school, ideal state, ideal church, and ideal society." This is not true. For it is precisely human nature which, if we would but believe in it and give it free course, would speedily make the ideal real.

It is conventions, customs, institutions, and all such fearsome ghost-powers of the past which thwart the wholesome impulses of living men and women.

All systems built upon a contempt of human nature go down. That is why criminal laws that are inhuman are futile, and that is why prisons increase crime. That is why bloodthirsty creeds have been driven away. That is why tyrannies perish in revolution.

Whoever despises common human nature becomes cynical, and often vicious and perverted. Whoever believes in human nature is on the way to become normal, kind, and wise.

Monarchies, aristocracies, and all things built upon the belief that men are essentially bad and ignorant, by and by perish.

Democracy is eternal, ever green, and perpetually young, because it is based upon confidence in human nature.

That the people are not to be trusted, and need guides of strong hand and leaders and superior folk to prevent them from folly, is the delusion of the short-sighted. What the people need is to be let alone, to be loved and to be trusted.

God does not live in throne rooms, universities and pulpits; He lives among the throng.

Abraham Lincoln is the greatest American because he most utterly believed in the people.

Jesus Christ's spiritual leadership holds, because He trusted human nature and appealed to "the common people," who "heard him gladly."

THE AMERICAN SOUL

THE generally accepted platitude is that the typical American is dollar-mad, that all he lives for is to accumulate more wealth and to splurge therewith.

Like most bromidions this is a cheap and surface judgment.

The American race is a new species of man. Although we speak the English language we are no more like the English people than the Romans were like the Greeks. In fact, the traveller is likely to find the French or German more like the American than is the British.

This new race has one chief characteristic; it is force.

An Italian, Dr. Carito, has recently published a book, "In the Land of Washington," with a sub-title, "My Impressions of the North American Psyche." Studying us from the viewpoint of a psychologist, he comes to the conclusion that Americans are not all engaged in "the Bacchic worship of wealth," but that this is but one symptom of the tremendous life-power of the people, and that theirs is "a soul of iron whose life is a struggle for the attainment of ideals which are

the more intoxicating the more difficult they become." Here is one foreigner who seems to understand.

For instead of being materialistic and sordid we are the most idealistic race the world has ever seen.

We have gone into business, not as other peoples, as an ugly necessity, but because business is the worthiest functioning of common activity. Our trusts are due to the application of ideals to business; above all, the great ideal of co-operation, leading at last to a nation-wide unification of production, transportation, and merchandising. We do not call it socialism; we call it common sense and waste saving. Men of the future will see the vast ideality of such men as Marshall Field, James J. Hill, and J. P. Morgan.

The luxury, cruelty, and other alleged crimes attendant upon making the nation a huge consolidated business organization are the usual human frailties incident to every great world movement.

No nation is so sensitive to spiritual appeal as ours. Honesty, industry, self-sacrifice, and heroism are sure of finding quick appreciation, though we grow more and more impatient of the marking time of ecclesiasticism.

Underneath all our graft in government lies the protesting conscience of the masses, only waiting to be shown just what to do to remove the evil. We are still enshrouded in the ignorance of our times, which accepts the old, inherited, rotten sys-

tem of political parties as the only means of managing a state. It is big business itself that will one day find a way to abolish this absurd method of government by graft, and substitute a rational organized democracy not organized for claptrap and offices, but organized to do business.

The American is the optimist of the world, because he is conscious of his power to remedy evil conditions. He fears no outward foe nor inward weakness. He attacks the future unafraid of labors or dangers.

SPORT VERSUS PLAY

PLAY is activity exerted for the pleasure of the exertion.

It differs from work in that work is activity exerted for some pleasure to result from the exertion.

Words, like people, have all sorts of relations—some respectable and others that trail off into all degrees of disrepute.

One of the questionable relatives of play is sport.

Sport is play with a list. It is play twisted, abnormal, more or less off color.

Play is found in its pure state mostly among children. Grown-ups, as a rule, lose the art. Look out of the window any day, or pass by the school yard, and you can see Simon-pure play—children engaged in the games of leap-frog, foot-and-a-half, marbles, hop-scotch, tag, prisoner's base, and pussy-wants-a-corner.

Not one adult in five hundred has sense enough to take part in such pastimes as these.

Having forgotten how to play we have invented sport.

Play is fun; sport is alleged fun.

Billiards, pool, bowling, poker, horse racing, joy riding, and turkey trotting bear about the same relation to real play that the glow of fever or alcoholic excess bears to the glow from skipping the rope.

Play is simple, natural, inevitable. Sport is complex, conventional, unrestful.

Play tones the body and mind. Sport leads to various morbidities.

Americans call it sport when fifty thousand of them sit for two hours on the bleachers and watch eighteen men work at baseball. Children would never do that. They would not be happy unless they could climb down and get in the game.

Neither could children be induced to sit up all night in a room reeking with the fumes of whiskey and tobacco and bet on cards; for this is not play; it is a species of neurasthenia.

The reason modern adults cannot play is that they are insane. They have accepted the absurd gospel of getting on, which always produces insanity. The cream of their energy is devoted to driving, scheming, and working in order to obtain more money, finer houses, richer clothing, and more lackeys than other people have. They sell their health of body and mind for precedence, pride, and publicity. Those who fail talk suicide. Those who succeed are nervous wrecks.

It is the ambition of most of us to be finally idle. To have enough money to do nothing is our heaven here below.

Sport is the play of the idle, and the idle cannot play.

The canon of sport is fixed, as most of our rotten social notions are fixed, by the idle class of Europe who have perhaps done more to debauch the world than any class, ancient or modern. Fox hunting and grouse shooting in the open and drunkenness and gambling in the house are sports de luxe, with the hall mark of aristocracy upon them.

Perhaps the most terrible indictment that can be brought against the city is that it has plenty of luxurious clubs for the diseased sport of nervously wrecked adults, and no playgrounds for children.

"The modern world," said Professor Ferrero at the Lucerne Congress, "is paying nature's price for the excesses to which it gives way—a price that takes the form of nervous diseases, madness, suicide, and sterility. Those who attempt to lead it back to a saner ideal of life render it a service the need of which is best shown by the fury with which the ideal is apparently rejected.

IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS

I WISH I had a million dollars, you say, I could do so much good with it. There are so many I would like to help. It would be such a pleasure to relieve the sufferings of this poor family, to assist that struggling young man, and to contribute generously to the church and the hospital. I know I would not be as selfish as many rich people are. If I had a million I would gratify my generous impulses.

Stop right there! Your imagination is misleading you. If you had a million dollars you would be no more liberal than you are now.

Helpfulness does not depend on the size of your income. If you are doing nothing for others on your present income of fifty dollars a month you would do the same if you had fifty thousand a month. You would be just as wrapped up in your own sweet self as you are now—and wrappeder.

For it is a well established fact that one's altruistic impulses decrease in force as one's wealth grows.

The kindest, most generous, and charitable people in the world are those who have little or nothing. The best friends to the poor are the other poor.

I have in mind now one of the most benevolent women I ever knew. She is always thinking of others. She sends flowers to her friends upon just the right occasions, she has delicious soup sent to certain people in whom she is interested in the hospitals, she plans in various societies to help needy children, she is a real "trouble woman," for wherever there is trouble there is she, to hold the nervous hand, to smooth the hot brow, and to give of her full cheer and hope to them that need. She is not rich in pocket; she has the true riches, of the heart, riches that moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

And you, if you have the root of the matter in you, can be as benevolent as the most lavish millionaire. What you need is not money, it is disposition.

For the one thing to give in this world, the one thing that is worth while, the one thing that cheers us all up and adds ozone to the soul, is—yourself.

The great gifts of the rich—it is doubtful if they do any good after all. I have my suspicions of them. But whoso gives himself, his time, his thought, his attention, his care, he is the world's real benefactor.

"This world is so waste and empty," says Goethe, in his "Wilhelm Meister," "when we figure but towns and hills and rivers in it, but to know that some one is living on with us, even in silence, this makes our earthly ball a peopled garden."

INVINCIBLE IGNORANCE

THE Chesterton case in England brought forth from the mouth of the presiding judge a new phrase, "invincible ignorance."

Only once in a while does a consummate expression like Grant's "unconditional surrender" or Grover Cleveland's "innocuous desuetude," or Mayor Gaynor's "spissitude" capture the ears of the world. The felicitous epithet is as epochal as the great poem or the popular air, and as inexplicable.

Wherefore, re "invincible ignorance," let us animadvert, annotate, gloss, and gently expound.

Item: The phrase in question means ignorance that cannot be conquered by evidence and reason. Query: Is there any "vincible ignorance"? Answer: There is not; for when you find ignorance that knows itself and is hospitable to persuasion, verily it is not ignorance at all, but wisdom of the highest type.

Item: While facts are proverbially stubborn yet in this connection it might be well to point out that non-facts are a deal stubborner.

Item: The royal refuge and ermine robe of "invincible ignorance" is that gilded humbug

called "superiority," particularly superiority of blood, race, or family; which is manifest in them that hold to the following creeds:

That the Joneses are all better than the Smiths;

That Negroes, Japanese, and Chinese are by nature inferior to American white folks;

That civilization, Christianity, and culture are coterminous with stovepipe hats, pie, and Wednesday evening meeting.

And that people who have money they never earned, especially those who inherit money, are of a better brand of flesh than those who work for a living.

The trouble with the man Chesterton is that he is a Jew-baiter. When one lets in race or class prejudice at the door, his intelligence flies out of the window.

Item: Is it not curious that we cannot say "invincible knowledge," for all knowledge is amendable and teachable; and that it is ignorance alone that is granite hard?

Item: The populace, by that instinctive art it has of seizing and picturesquely expressing truth, has already furnished a shorter and a harder word for the possessors of "invincible ignorance," to wit: "Bonehead."

And the hymn of the bonehead is: "Verily, we are the people, and when we die wisdom shall die with us."

THE CABARET

I WANT to raise my feeble voice in protest against the cabaret. Not that it is immoral, for I don't belong to the order of militant purifiers, but that it is an unmitigated nuisance.

I don't like it. There may be many who do like it. They have a right to their taste. But as one small integer of the human race I also have a right to mine. And, as I said, I don't like it. Whereto I set down herewith the following specifications, to wit, namely:

Eating is to me a social function. I don't like to feed alone, like a stalled ox. I like to dine with friends and temper the sensual gratification of the palate with chit-chat and a good story. And the presence of a bunch of musicians pounding and scraping and singing with all their might and main renders intellectual intercourse impossible. I don't like to eat in a boiler factory.

Secondly, I don't like the kind of alleged music the American cabaret serves. I am tired of ragtime and smut songs. Once in a while I enjoy seeing a young man play the fool, or a young woman dance and chortle, but when I get it every day it grows wearisome.

If I could dine, as in Germany, in an outdoor garden, where the din has a chance to escape, or in a restaurant where a string orchestra plays subdued strains (and plays the kind of music one likes to hear over and over), it might do; but to consume food while a human jumping-jack is prancing around among the tables tempers digestion with fear and tends to produce gastritis.

Furthermore, my crankiness extends so far that I particularly object to the human voice raised in gladsome noise while I am ordering my fillet of celery à la Kalamazoo or my grilled beans à la Parker House. I get mixed. I try to follow the singer's words, which to follow is impossible. The singer who can enunciate English intelligibly is yet unborn. In the effort to decipher the bill of fare, printed in home-made French, and the song, which is rendered in Choctaw, I am tempted to imitate the desperate Californian who wrestled awhile with a Frenchified menu and finally, in despair, ordered $100 worth of ham and eggs.

Again, as one of the most famous restaurant men of New York said the other day, the cabaret is, on account of its expense, lowering the quality of the food offered. I believe in good eating. The preparation of food is one of the fine arts. So is music. But the one should not be all gummed up by the other.

The cabaret invasion is resulting in ill-cooked food, the bad effects of which one is supposed to drown with booze and minstrelsy.

If somebody will tell me where I can go and find dishes carefully prepared by a genius who loves to cook and knows how, where I can be waited on by a gentleman or lady who does not plump my viands down and go away forever, and where I can take a friend to dine leisurely and in such quiet as will permit conversation, I shall be grateful.

THE SECOND-RATER

On June 2, 1913, Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England, died in his seventy-ninth year, at his residence in Kent.

He did not impress the literary world with the feeling that he was of poet laureate calibre, and was more generally criticized than applauded.

There is much speculation as to whom Premier Asquith will appoint as his successor. Kipling comes naturally first to mind, as he is by common consent the English poet with the most unmistakable genius. No rhymester can equal him in putting into apt expression the passion of his people. He is, however, a violent partisan and his nomination for the post would be fought furiously. William Watson is of Tennysonian rank in the estimation of many, but he is entirely too erratic for the place. Thomas Hardy is mentioned, but his record upon certain themes is against him.

The probability is that the honor will go to some second-rate man.

And, come to think of it, the honors usually go to the second-rater.

It may sound cynical, but it is undeniable, that the human race, as a rule, passes by its great men

and selects those of inferior grade for positions of great dignity, authority, and emolument.

Weak-kneed Pontius Pilate was the ruler of the Jews and tolerably well accepted; they found nothing better to do with the greatest man in the world when He happened among them than to crucify Him.

The Greeks ostracized one of their wisest statesmen because they were bored with hearing him called "The Just"; and poisoned the greatest philosopher of all time.

The Florentines banished Dante and burnt Savonarola, but willingly bowed their necks to the rule of the corrupt Medici.

It is hard to find a bishop that ever amounted to much; only such castouts as Luther, Wesley, and Booth seem to have the divine fire we look for in prophets.

The Hohenzollerns, Bourbons, Wettins, and Romanoffs, the grand life-job holders of Europe, might possibly earn $50 a month on their own merits, but it is doubtful. There has never appeared anything resembling the superman among them.

The average millionaire in America is totally unfit, by temper, genius, and morals, to be in possession of the vast influence of money.

This is not cheap, railing language. It is plain fact and common sense, which it would be well for all aspiring youth who feel the lure of "greatness" to heed.

More than virtue, greatness is strictly "its own reward." It is quite sure to develop such idiosyncrasy as to make it unpopular. It is rather certain to raise up such a storm of opposition that its possessor could not be elected keeper of the village pound.

Greatness consists in vision of the eternal truth, which the populace eternally disbelieve.

The desire to rule, to be prominent, to be the rage, to control great wealth, to be served and flattered, is small, and besets small souls.

It is the desire to express one's self truly, to serve men, to follow the gleam and to satisfy the exactions of one's own self-respect, that makes a man great.

Few such men get high offices.

HO! FOR THE BAY OF SHIMA!

COME, sisters, let us go to the Bay of Shima, on the Pacific coast of Japan. Why bother about England and the United States, where males are tyrants and women voteless? Over yonder the women do all the work, which consists in diving for pearls, while the men loaf.

The women spend ten hours daily in the water, earning a living. The men sit around and smoke.

I have always wanted to have my wife go into business and support the family. Unfortunately, she will not do it. I must perforce work for a living.

Think of having your women folks run a boarding house or a millinery shop, while you just bask in the sun, out in front, with your chair tilted up against the wall. There you can gossip with your neighbors, joke with the other loafers, note the pretty girls, and argue about politics, while from within comes the sound of the sewing machine or the odor of ham and eggs. You are called in to eat. After dinner you go down to the postoffice and argue some more. Is it not an ideal existence? Can you wonder that we favor women's rights?

And then have you ever noticed the rare devotion a wife pays to a shiftless, no-account, and brutal husband? It is wonderful. No decent, hard-working man can hope for the Newfoundland-dog-like affection which the drunken loafer receives from his wife.

I knew a little dressmaker once who had as trifling a lout for a husband as you could find in a day's journey. She worked her fingers to the bone for him. She labored twenty-five hours a day for him. She fed him, clothed him, coddled him, and shielded him. Every once in a while he would playfully kick her, or pinch her black and blue. Once he plastered a piece of pumpkin pie which did not suit him all over her face. But that was merely his way. George was so funny. And then, you know, he wasn't very well. He usually had some disease up his sleeve in case he was threatened with a job. And how she loved him!

In primeval days men did no work. They hunted and rested. Their business was killing. The women tilled the fields and ground the corn. Alas, those good old times are no more. We live in a decadent era when men are presumed to labor and women to play bridge. As a consequence we are not loved with that fierce emotion women in early ages bestowed upon us.

Therefore, let us go to the Bay of Shima and set up our hut, lie in the warm sands, and watch the

women dive for pearls. When they grow tired of that we can make them go up to the house and get us something to eat.

Then, brethren, we shall be loved.

THE GENIUS FOR AFFECTION

SOMEWHERE I have read, I forget where, of wo who were discussing a certain woman, who was plain of face, unattractive of figure, the reverse of winning in manner, and who undoubtedly held firm the devotion of her husband, children, and friends; and the explanation was "she had the genius for affection."

After all is said and done it is this that counts. Say all you will of other conditions of a happy marriage, fortunate is the woman with this gift.

We are familiar with the rules for connubial bliss; there must be similar tastes; one must marry in one's class; there must be mutual esteem; there must be "conciliation, concession, and compromise"; the wife must please hubby's stomach, dress up for breakfast, and not nag; and the husband must be a good provider, give his wife an allowance, and be sure to take her to plenty of theatres and suppers, lest she elope with the violinist, after the manner of Clyde Fitch's characters.

Yet the woman with "the genius for affection" will drive a four-horse team through all these words of wisdom and carry off her husband triumphantly.

She will hold him, though she be beggar maid and he be King Cophetua.

She will hold him in spite of all the head-waggings of the worldly wise.

She will hold him against all the enticings of her rivals of the shadow.

She will hold him against a proud or a mischief-making cohort of relatives.

She will hold him against the bribes of a rich uncle.

She will hold him against the pull of business, booze, and baccarat.

For marriage is not a piece of common work, like gardening or banking; it is more like a poem, a painting, or a novel. It takes genius.

There are as few great marriages as there are great masterpieces of art.

There are not many women who are Michael Angelos or Turners in love.

But as in the plastic arts, so in marriage, the art of arts: though but here and there one is great, yet we all scramble at it and do the best we can.

In these days of rampant suffragettes clamoring for woman's rights it is well not to forget the old original right of woman—the right to be loved.

We admire the woman who makes speeches, leads movements, practises law, writes stories, and beats man at his own game; but the woman who understands the art of getting herself loved loyally is still the great woman.

POLITICS IN THE SCHOOLROOM

We teach children a great many things in the public school; we instruct them in geography, and history, and botany, in drawing, and classics, and manners, and other matters useful and ornamental.

But the most important thing for young Americans to know is: How to get their rights. This they don't know. They grow up in the grossest ignorance about it.

Consequently, when they become citizens they are herded like Texas steers by a class of sharpers who know the herding business.

The men and women of the city know a great deal about some things, about things that are purely individual. They can make money, sell goods, get on socially, play bridge, and manufacture pins and needles. Individually they are efficient, the most efficient people on earth. As a whole people they are babes and sucklings. You cannot sell any one of them a gold brick; collectively, they buy gold bricks all the time.

You can steal their civic rights from them, get railway, gas, and water franchises from them for nothing, and have them pay you for robbing them,

and all they do is to stare confusedly like a Rube at Coney Island.

You can make them walk on filthy sidewalks and ride on unswept streets; you can jam them like cattle into subway cars and make them pay a fare for hanging to a strap all the way home while the company's managers are getting rich. They submit meekly, lest they be called anarchists.

You can give them poisoned food and drink. They haven't the slightest notion how to help themselves.

You can hocus-pocus them with the shell games of tariff and big business. But when they turn out one party that has broken its promise, all they know is to turn in another that will do the same.

You can drown them on rotten excursion steamers, and when they are scattered in the water you can throw them life preservers loaded with lead. You can wreck them on imperfect railways. They may splutter a bit, but nothing is done.

You can give them wages so low and work them hours so long that they are reduced to desperation. You can house them in filthy slums, force their boys into crime and their girls into shame, and all they know how to do is to parade the streets like a lot of Indians, whoop and throw bricks, until the policemen crack them over the head and land them in jail. They never realize that it is their government, their city, and their law, or would be if they only knew how to organize and take it.

When they go to war you can give them canned goods that are decayed.

When they stay at home you can tax them with a high head and outstretched arm to get money wherewith to pay politicians who have paving contracts.

All the while they are helpless. The citizens of the United States are one huge Lambs' Club—officered by wolves.

It is because they have a contempt for the only thing in the world that can give them their rights —politics.

They are ignorant of the art of democracy, because they despise it.

They stupidly hand the business of government over to political parties, which in no sense are organizations of the people.

Hence, why not teach the children how to form and run a democracy, how to manage their own communal finances and improvements, how to select honest mayors, how to administer charities, how to abate nuisances, how to keep themselves from being swindled by the officious gentlemen who so kindly volunteer to do for the people what the people ought to do for themselves.

Every child should graduate from the public school as well posted and well drilled in politics as the West Point graduate is equipped for war.

Politics is the unending war of democracy. It needs a trained citizen-soldiery. It is high time to get rid of the janizaries.

THE HIRED GIRL

THEY had a celebration the other day in a home in New York, I see by the papers, and I wish I had been invited, and probably would have been if I had been fortunate enough to be acquainted with the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson gave a party in honor of their servant, Helena Schwartz, because she had been in the household for twenty years. I humbly lay my laurel wreath at Helena's feet. As the office boy would say, "Me for her."

It is about time something was said for the hired girl. She has as much to do with the peace and content of the family as any other member.

In one respect she is greatest of all; for her business is to serve, which is always a greater thing to do than to rule.

When she is treated with the respect and consideration due to a human being she is usually faithful, amiable, and efficient.

We have never had any servant trouble, with a few exceptions, in our house. On the contrary, we have grown to like them, and they us, so that when the necessary partings have come they have been attended with weepings and gloom, as if sisters had parted.

There was Ivanka, the Czech girl, who longed to stay, but was called away by the lure of the stage. She felt the higher call to warble in vaudeville, and I hope she has made good.

There was Edith, the Swede, who saved up so much money out of her wages that she had to go and buy a farm near her brother in Nebraska. And Louise, also a Swede, who married the laundryman.

There was another Louise and her husband, Josef, who attended to our wants in Paris, and at last left us for their farm in the Rhone valley.

And there is Anna, who now presides over the cook-stove. She is a colored lady from North Carolina, and if anybody thinks he can find better baking-powder biscuit than Anna makes, or finer custard pie, or more delicious roast beef or boiled ham than Anna can prepare, I am ready to meet such person now or any time and prove his falsehood to him upon his body with weapons of his own choice.

When our crowns are passed around I am sure the hired girl will get a nice shiny one. Who can tell her numberless sacrifices, her long labors borne cheerfully for a little appreciation? How many a little boy has loved the kitchen, where he has found his most sympathizing friend? How often the tired mother has been eased and tended by the loyal ministries that no wages could repay?

And let us thank heaven that there are a few girls left who have sense enough to learn how to

take care of a house and cook a meal, and who cheerfully occupy a place in some family where in self-respect they can work not too hard and save a bit of money, rather than lead a dog's life as a saleslady or shop girl on $6 a week.

Helena is a philosopher. "It all depends on the girl in the kitchen," she said in a newspaper interview. "If she is careful, economical, sympathetic, and guards the good name and character of her 'family,' and she knows how to cook, or is willing to learn, she can make it a happy home. If the contrary is true it will not be happy, no matter how hard the mistress tries."

And, just to make your mouth water, I will here set down the titles of the various good things Helena had prepared for the guests at the party:

"Home-made noodle soup, roast turkey and chicken, green peas, boiled and mashed potatoes, cold-slaw, tomato and lettuce salad, lemon pies, sponge cake, pound cake with twenty candles on its frosted top, German butter cookies, German sweet loaf, wines and liquors, and cigars for the men."

How long since you have read a paragraph as interesting as that?

THE CURSER

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the editor of the paper in which my lucubrations appear and "allows" as follows:

"Of all the drivel I have seen in a reputable newspaper (outside of a young Ladies' Journal), I can never recall having read such an egregious combination of pettiness, false reasoning, and maudlin sentiment as is displayed in Dr. Crane's daily articles. I could understand it if such gush as he exudes oozed from the pen of some half-educated, sentimental high school girl, who was writing a highfalutin essay for her valedictory; but I imagine that some—probably a majority—of your readers have in their mental make-up a little more knowledge of the world, a little more reasoning power, and a little less sentimentalism than to desire instruction or to be unable to discern the claptrap of it all."

This is only part of his letter. I have taken the liberty of omitting some other remarks on account of the postal laws.

I gather that the writer does not adore me with mad infatuation, nor does he like my works. But I am sorry to say that I get from his letter a distinct sense of satisfaction.

I feel greatness coming on. I feel renown creeping toward me. For anybody can get compliments, but when a gentleman froths at the mouth and manifests a desire to heave a brick at you, then you may congratulate yourself that you have done something toward stirring things up a bit.

Although I cannot aspire to the "cool-headed zeal" of Colonel Roosevelt nor the severe self-restraint of Mayor Gaynor, yet as a rule I am a mild and gentle creature, devoted to the art of making a living by smearing ink upon white paper. Yet here it seems that, all unwittingly, I have landed a wallop on the solar plexus of a bystander. Honestly, I didn't know I had the punch.

Hereafter my readers may look for trouble. I have tasted blood.

It all goes to show that, no matter how meek and well dressed you are, somebody is going to long to give you a poke.

You may not make friends, for that is a long and hard business, but you can make enemies just by walking down the street.

And, personally, I love a sound cursing. When people praise you they may not mean it, but when a man curses you it is rather certain that he is genuinely sincere. He speaks from the heart.

Then you learn a lot from the curser—many things about yourself, and sometimes about your ancestry, that you did not know, or had overlooked.

Cheer up, therefore! Strive ever onward and

upward, for the onwarder and upwarder you get the more haters you will find anxious to take a shot at you.

There are people who are angry even to look at you. They say all manner of evil things they can think of about you, and then some.

Never mind. They are the best press agents in the world.

Besides, cursing is a habit with some people. I knew a man who was so given to expletives that when you asked him where he lived he would say, "Fifteen hundred, by gosh, and seventy-three Indiana avenue."

THE BUTTON-BEFORE GOWN AND THE BYRONIC COLLAR

THE mysteries of feminine apparel I in no wise pretend to understand nor presume to criticize. With the Psalmist of Israel I exclaim: "Such things are too wonderful for me; they are high; I cannot attain unto them."

The intolerant conservatism of male attire with its smug unreason overawes me likewise. Thoroughly as I hate it, my hate is but a snarling impotence, for to resist is to become ridiculous, and one can enjoy martyrdom but not ridicule; so that if the penalty were prison and stripes instead of gibes and finger-pointings, I would gladly wear a nice white tablecloth and only that these hot days.

But as one whose office it is to animadvert upon the buds and sproutings of the daily news I wish here to indicate two minor happenings in the flux of fashions that have moved joyfully the molecules of my pineal gland, otherwise known as the epiphysis or conarium, which by certain ancient and heathen people was considered to be the seat of the soul.

Firstly: one of the women folks connected with the household where I lodge, or, to be more ex-

plicit, friend wife herself, went to the shops the other day and bought a new dress, a blue one, and one in the forefront of the style, one of those contraptions where the waist line has dropped toward the knees, and there is a gentle alarm in the masculine beholder for fear the whole garment will fall off. But it was "some gown," as a slangy friend observed, and the neighbor women were duly envious and complimentary.

The point, however, I wish to make is that when she proceeded to take it off I was astounded to discover that it buttoned up before, after the manner of Old Grimes, his old gray coat.

"What!" exclaimed I, "Marry come up and 'Sblood! Do you mean to say that this is now the vogue and that there are to be henceforth no more buttonings-up behind? If so, heaven be praised that in the infinitude of style's vagaries there must once in a while be an approach to reason and comfort!"

Having her mouth full of pins and her mind full of more important matters, the lady paid me no heed. Besides, she never argues about clothes; she commands, prohibits, indicates, and directs, but does not argue, which programme I recommend to all wife-persons.

I have but small space left for my second item, which pertains to man's clothing. It is the appearance of the soft shirt.

May God send thereto also the soft collar.

For why any animal, even a homo sapiens,

should wear about his neck an iron-hard circlet, which in summer time becomes moist and viscous inside, and irritates and poisons the neck-skin and torments the soul, that I cannot understand.

I would like to join a movement to restore the Byronic collar, flowing, open, and free. How would the joy of the male half of the human race be increased thereby!

FLUNKED

NEVER mind! That you have flunked in school does not always mean either that you are lazy or incompetent.

On the contrary, it may be an evidence of your ability.

Schools are arranged upon the principle that there are so many cubic feet of knowledge which a pupil is supposed to put into his brain in order to entitle him to pass from one grade to another.

Also upon the theory that you cannot know about a given subject unless you are able to talk or write about it; in other words, to pass a written or oral examination.

Both of these propositions are unsound. They rest upon a theory of education which is out of date: the theory that education consists in a student measuring up to a prearranged system.

True education consists in the development of the individual child's faculties, whatever they may be.

A child may be by nature incapable of mastering mathematics, as Lord Macaulay was. He may have a natural antipathy to Latin and Greek. His Creator may have made him with an inborn taste for music, or for agriculture, or for machinery,

and with possibilities of great efficiency in these directions. A "system" of education that takes no account of individual trend is not education at all; for education is the bringing out of what is in a person and not stuffing into him what he can never digest nor assimilate. The idea of grading pupils by the amount of text-book stuff they can eat mentally is medieval.

The examination is humbug. No examination is any test of what one understands or can do.

Writing or speaking is a gift, often it is a trick. The pupil who can tell a thing most glibly is by no means the one who best comprehends it. A man may be able to manage a bank, or make horseshoes, or speak a foreign language, or command a regiment, and be utterly awkward and incoherent when he attempts to write about how he does it. One of the best writers on maritime affairs was only a third-rate practical seaman.

The trouble with the school system is that there are too many children to each teacher. Real teaching being impossible, the labor saving devices of "grading" and "examinations" are resorted to.

Stingy taxpayers, ignorant school boards, and narrow pedagogues combine to lay the blame on the child, branding him as "dull" when they cannot squeeze his genius into their artificial world.

They may call you stupid, but never mind! So also they called David Livingstone, Richard Wagner, Charles Dickens, and Stefansson, the explorer.

PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH

One of the most mistaken proverbs I have ever heard is "Practise what you preach." I would not give a fig for a man that could not preach better than he can practise.

For all that is worth a man's preaching is his ideals, and these, unless they are far beyond his practise, are of no value at all.

Every deed is a compromise between our vision and our tools, between the imaginary world our souls conceive and the hard and stubborn actualities.

"Tristan and Isolde" is wondrous music, but it is only second class compared to the harmonies that fled like clouds across the soul of its composer. If we could but hear the music Wagner felt, tried to express, but missed, it would break the world's heart for sweetness.

In one respect Michelangelo is the greatest of plastic artists, in this, that in his work is seen the struggle of the imaging soul against its necessary limitations. He seems always striving and failing. Yet in his falling short is more genius than in smaller men's smooth perfection.

Our dreams are the best part of us. God save us, if we could only see the things that are! It is the gift of seeing things as they might be that lifts us to greatness.

It is not the flesh and blood woman, it is the penumbral woman, the woman of our warmed and creative fancy, that is the "ever-womanly that leads us on."

It is the dream that lifts a P. D. Armour from being an ordinary trader to being the greatest merchantman of earth. It is the dream that makes the Woolworth Building a towering cathedral of modern business. It is the dream that summons the mightiest of ships to shuttle the ocean. It is the heated dream from which emerge the telephone, the steam-engine, and the airship.

And no house, machine, book or song of man has ever equalled his dream. He goes on preaching perfection to himself and to his brothers, because he is divine. He goes on practising imperfection because he is human.

In the acorn is the dream of an oak, and in the human race is the dream of Kingdom Come, the Golden Year, of justice, and co-operation. And as the oak grows dream-guided, so mankind grows, slowly, but with what unspeakable majesty! like the great tree Ygdrasil, whose roots are in the past, but whose leaves and golden fruit are in the future. "Say that we dream," writes Alfred Noyes,

Our dreams have woven
  Truths that out-face the burning sun;
The lightnings, that we dreamed, have cloven
  Time, space, and linked all lands in one!
Year after year, age after age
  Has handed down thro' fool and child,
For earth's divinest heritage,
  The dreams whereon old wisdom smiled.

NUDE OR UNDRESSED?

QUITE a little dust has been kicked up over the question whether Paul Chabas's picture, "September Morn," is obscene or not. It presents to us a young girl standing in the water, with no clothing except the morning haze.

A. Comstock et al. have denounced the picture as indecent. In this view the honorable Bath House John of Chicago coincides.

Artists and other emancipated souls are equally emphatic in their declaration that whoever objects to seeing the girl in the altogether is a prude and all sorts of other undesirable things.

It may set both parties right to get the matter clearly in mind. All quarrels arise from a failure to agree first on definitions. It is a case of the two knights fighting over the color of a shield red on one side and blue on the other.

And in the particular subject at issue it all depends upon whether the young female is nude or undressed.

A nude person is one who goes unclothed from preference and only wears garments for warmth's sake. An undressed person is one who always wears clothes, loves them, and expresses herself

or himself by them, and who is surprised garmentless.

The Venus de Milo in the Louvre is nude. Lady Godiva as she rode the streets of Coventry was all undressed. The Greeks were nude; Americans in a Turkish bath are naked.

Modern civilized conventional human beings can never be nude, because clothes are a part of their religion. What they call morality has nothing, usually, to do with any ethical force or virtue of self-expression, but is merely conformity to custom. Such people can never be nude; when they take off their clothes they are naked—and naughty.

It is not so bad as it used to be. In a preceding generation nothing had legs but pianos and tables; ladies had limbs; and the whole region from the collar to the waist-lines was known as the stomach, for the simple old English term belly was for some inscrutable reason believed to be indelicate.

There is even a legend of a young preacher who announced to his flock that he was about to discourse upon "Jonah, who, as you all know, spent three days in the whale's—um—hm—that is to say, three days in the whale's—hm—society."

The painting by Chabas is not of something naked, the girl is not undressed. She never had any clothes on in her life. She is not thinking clothes. She has stepped dryad-like out of the woods where she lives with other bodied-fancies, with thought-beings that never wore anything but beauty.

She is nude. And she is as pure as the deity-fingers that made bodies, and purer than the human fingers that fix and button up clothes.

She never wore anything, never will wear anything. If she put anything on she would be indecent.

So it's all as you take it. Most of us never "come to ourselves" except by undressing. As soon as we are born the layette is ready, all our lives we wear uniforms, when we lie in our coffins we are still dressed up, and when we get to heaven and fly around with the angels we shall all have on beautiful white nightgowns.

So let us be thankful that there remains one realm where the nude human form, the most beautiful thing God ever made, can still walk in innocence and free from all the stifling pseudo-moralities clothes imply—the realm of art.

When Mlle. Ada Villany was fined two hundred francs for dancing nude upon the stage at Paris, her defense was that when she removed her clothing it was to express her soul. She was mistaken. The body does not express the soul unless it has always been unclothed. It is not the absence of clothing that is indecent; it is the removal of clothing.

SWEET ALICE

"O don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, so good and so true?"

THERE is not much being said about her nowadays. Naturally she never gets into the newspapers; she is not that kind. And the novels of the day seem to pass her by for more thrilling types, although once she was quite the vogue. But for all that she is still doing business at the old stand.

I refer to the simple, loyal, lovable girl who loves just one boy, the one who is to be her husband, the one into whose career all her life is to be gladly poured.

I would not dare these days to say she is the highest kind of woman. She couldn't be a suffragette nor a leader of any "movement."

She is just girl. When she grows up she is just woman. She is not famous nor in anywise conspicuous.

But she is the kind men go crazy over; the kind to live for and die for.

And while the great and grand woman-leaders of our time are being garlanded and fêted I may be allowed perhaps to hand this one little flower of appreciation to Sweet Alice.

Yes, I know it is sentimental; it is gush. But the heart that won't gush once in a while is pretty dry. I don't covet it.

The loyal devotion of one man to one woman is still the thing that to-day excites the most universal admiration.

There are all sorts of loves; but the love that is stuck to is the best.

Nothing in McKinley's career so popularized him as his tender and constant attention to his invalid wife.

Before Pickett led his braves to that fatal charge at Gettysburg he wrote to his sweetheart, and in telling her how he loved her alone he found something that nerved him to courage.

It may not be much to inspire and ennoble a man, to make him unafraid to tell and to live the truth, to keep him clean, "without fear and without reproach," but that is what the Sweet Alice girl can do.

I like to think of the army of lovers in the world. Just a week or so ago the college towns were buzzing full, but no incidents of commencement time meant more than those walks where they went a-twozing, hand in hand in the summer night, and talked of how passing wonderful it was that they should have found each other and that love came. If there's any more important business than making love I don't know what it is.

I like to think of the innumerable little households where the young husband gloats over Sweet

Alice and her babies and still tells her fond and foolish nothings that warm her heart.

I like to think of the pairs that have held loyally together through sun and storm, of the two that are grandparents now, but still find no hours so full of content as those they spend together and apart from the world.

This love is the best; the love that is weathered and beaten; that has been assailed by every outward enemy and all inward weaknesses, but still holds and glows; the love that death itself cannot slay, the love that lives on yonder in the unknown, as sure and eternal as the God who gave it, who wrought it, this miracle of miracles.

DIVORCE

ONE of the queerest things Alice might see if she came to this Wonderland of the twentieth century would be the institution known as the divorce.

A man and woman cannot get married unless they are agreed. But it is exactly when they agree together to separate that the law refuses to grant them a divorce.

The consequence is that they usually connive at making their case appear as if one party were contending to be free and the other party to remain tied. This legal vaudeville seems an odd way of accomplishing a very desirable end, the disjoining of two who are aweary of each other.

Provided equitable arrangements can be made to protect the interests of all parties, as far as may be possible, and provided especially that the welfare of the children be safeguarded, why in the world cannot two people who are spoiling each other's lives be allowed to go their separate ways in peace?

I believe wholly in monogamy and that "the supreme affection between two" is the ideal of sex relationship; but I think altogether too much of marriage to believe in continuing a tie that has

become a destructive, irritating, and corroding condition.

They are telling the story now in Paris of a certain countess who met a lawyer, an old friend of the family, upon the street one day. After chatting a moment he inquired where she was now living.

"Why, at home, of course!"

"Since your divorce?"

"Divorce? What do you mean?"

The counsellor then told her that he had read of the divorce proceedings her husband had instituted against her, and advised her to look into the matter.

She was astounded. Her home life had been ideal, her husband admirable. She hastened to her house, only to find her husband had gone. She then learned that he had actually divorced her without her knowing it, by having her sign papers which, foolishly, she never read, as he explained that they were mere legal technicalities connected with her money, of which he had charge.

Shortly afterward he married a wealthy widow.

This kind of scoundrelism can get by the law, but two honest people who want to part legally and without chicane are reprimanded for collusion and sent back to annoy each other.

Since divorces are allowed, why not have them granted in a decent, deliberate, honorable way, instead of by an unworthy legal comedy?

And why is not mutual consent about the best

reason in the world for divorce, without dragging in a lot of scandal to besmirch all persons concerned in order to establish the sacred inviolability of marriage?

Why must divorce, if it be necessary and legal, be a dirty war to the knife?

Certain moralists these days are advocating the marriage of reason, of eugenics, and intelligence. Perhaps that is the better way; but if one may marry without love, why may not one be divorced without hate?

THE MAN OF THE WORLD

THE man of the world is the noxious triumph of the disease called civilization.

Evolution wears him as a little poison flower in its buttonhole.

He is exquisite in his dress and in his food. Is not the meat more than life, and raiment than the body?

He is so completely the creature of fashion that he is the creator of fashion.

He is utterly sophisticated. He is considered interesting because nothing any more interests him.

The two things that make life worth living are the two things he considers most ridiculous—wonder and enthusiasm.

He is proud of his ignorance of all that is useful and of his familiarity with all that is useless.

He knows the flavors and smells of expensive cigars and the bouquets of wines, but would consider it a disgrace to know a hickory tree from an elm, and a calamity to know how to run a locomotive.

To him true and loyal love is a joke, and all virtue hypocrisy.

Love, which alone is the fountain of youth, is

dried up in him. The bats and lizards of lust inhabit his heart.

His heart is a thousand years old.

He is farthest removed from that childishness which makes sound souls, and his keenest pleasures are Mephistophelian.

His religion is a witty pessimism.

The most enjoyable things to him are subtle sins.

He attracts women as a serpent lures birds, by the fascination which anything utterly cruel possesses.

He has a certain tranquillity of soul, for he is never worried by temptation; he always yields.

He is a weasel before whose assurance lions tremble.

Anything important he studiously neglects, and is serious only in trifles.

If he has a wife she detests him; if he has a mistress she fears him; if he has children they hate him; if he has a mother she is ashamed of him.

He moves in the narrowest of provincial worlds, the smart set.

He lives in terrible isolation, for where there is no loyalty there are no friends.

He has no inseparable companion but himself, and himself he hates.

When he dies he will be no different from when he is alive; he will be dirt then as now. The only

change will be that he will cease to wear a polished shirt.

His epitaph shall be the words of Margarete:

"Es steht ihm an der Stirn geschrieben,
Dass er nicht mag eine Seele lieben."

(It stands written upon his brow
That he could not love a human soul.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF GROWING OLD

SENSIBLE people when they grow old find a great many compensations. Crossing the line of fifty, one moves up a little closer to the heart of the world. Youth is a good deal of a stranger and a pilgrim in the universe. The ageing man discovers a realness and a hominess in men and things.

Youth has no sense of proportion. He must hasten. Reforms cry out. Up and at them! He tears his shirt. Then when he gets old he begins to say, with Emerson, "Why so hot, little man?" The youth's optimism is a kind of enlarged egotism; the optimism of old age is an appreciation of the friendliness of nature.

Young men are dazzled by institutions, imposed upon by organizations, overawed by the presumptuous authority of the past. Old men come to value personality more than these things. There is nothing worth while but to express one's self; it takes years of experience to realize that.

Old age learns how to "come down" without "giving up," to use the words of "The Country Parson." The old man quietly adjusts himself to the stubborn inevitable. Young people waste infinite effort in fuming and useless strenuousness.

To youth success seems a matter of laboring hard at the oar; to the wise old man it is a matter of setting one's sails. The winds of heaven, if we get at the proper angle to them, will do more than all our muscle.

The conscience of youth is usually morbid. Many of his reddest sins and most shining virtues tone down with years. He learns tolerance. He believes less and less in prohibitions and punishments and more and more in the creative virtues such as love, courage, and lending a hand.

To a normal old age comes a consciousness of the real joy of living, of the little things that compose life. The youngster is so whirled in high enthusiasm that he forgets or has no time to see how good life is, mere existence. Old people come back to eating, sleeping, walking, breathing, and all the common ingredients of the day, not sensually, but with spiritual gratefulness.

Young men are eager for knowledge, greedy for the equipment of facts, of skill, and of efficiency. Old men have seen the weakness of these; they prefer wisdom and philosophy; they prefer the expert soul to the expert hand and mind.

Love means more to old people than to young. To youth it is an adventure, to age it is the color of existence. To young persons it is a dangerous madness, to the old it is a conserving, universal, ever-present force. The unwrecked personality ought to be and usually is happier after fifty than before.

THE POLITICAL PARTY

A CORRESPONDENT, a lady, writes asking me to explain to her the difference between the Republican and the Democratic Party. She says she is a school-teacher and considers herself measurably intelligent, but has never been able to grasp the distinction, and she thinks that, as a moulder of young opinion, she ought to be informed about what is a very important factor of American life.

I cannot answer her question.

Neither can you.

Nor anybody else.

For the difference between the two parties is not one of principle, nor of intelligently formed conviction, but one composed of Partisanship, which is a stuff made up entirely of blind feeling and is wholly negligible from the point of view of intelligence.

Democrats and Republicans differ precisely for the same reason the Jones family hate the Smiths, certain whites despise the blacks, Kentucky feuds run from generation to generation, Jews and Gentiles despise one another, and Catholics and Protestants indulge in intolerance.

It is unpleasant to bring the charge of ignorant prejudice against people, many of whom are of distinguished attainments and culture. But while partisanship rages most among the crude and savage, the learned and polite are by no means free from it.

We know from observation that able judges, professors, churchmen, and statesmen are utterly unreliable on party questions.

We have seen amongst Senators, Supreme Judges, Bishops, and University Presidents a pettiness, a lack of fair-mindedness, a fatuous casuistry and intellectual dishonesty, when called upon to take up a question when the interests of their Political Party are concerned, as great as among the loafers in a saloon.

And this need not amaze us. Men, especially public men, in all ages, have professed adherence to doctrines and to customs utterly absurd, and many of them abhorrent, which their honest judgment must have condemned, simply because few men's minds rise above the Zeitgeist.

In the days of Montaigne no man dared to write and object to burning heretics and not acknowledge the authority of the ecclesiastical organization. Indeed, it took many hundred years to get the human mind out from under the load and menace of religious absolutism.

In the days of Shakespeare few dared to ques-

tion the divine right of kings, which to most minds now is a joke.

Masses easily take things for granted. They take it for granted that the Democratic and Republican parties mean something. They don't, but that makes little difference.

These partisan lines in time will disappear. No thing absolutely without sense can continue forever. But the public mind moves slowly. And in the meanwhile we have to do the best we can. We must vote for and live under the officials which parties choose. But we don't have to say there is any intelligence to the Party system, when there is none.

THE NEGRO

In Washington and Chicago there have been race riots. The whites and blacks have been fighting. Some have been killed, many injured. The soldiery has been called out.

What does this mean?

It does not mean that we are on the verge of a revolution, that the foundations of the republic are tottering, that I. W. W. Bolshevik and Co. are after us, nor any other such hysterical nonsense. It is an affair of hoodlums.

Americans are not a revolutionary folk, neither are their institutions given to tottering. But they are quite human folk, and consequently explode, slop over, and play the fool with dependable regularity.

Race rioting, lynchings, and the like are merely the outcroppings of about the lowest and most unintelligent known form of cussedness.

It requires no more brains than a bumble-bee's to hate a Negro or a Japanese.

It is an exudation of the oldest and meanest poison in human blood, the poison of Class.

Whether you hate a Class or are proud of a Class, you have descended to the level of the mule, the snob, and the flunkey.

It was Class pride and prejudice that ruled the Junkers of Germany and thus started the greatest war of all time; it is the same dirty spirit that lay at the bottom of the war of 1861; it is the same spirit that causes all the trouble between Capital and Labor, that has made all the religious ructions of history, that creates scandal in the army, that splits churches, embitters politics, corrupts society, and makes criminal classes, male dudes, and female snips.

When the Negroes were imported here from Africa the label of Class inferiority was fastened on them. It has cost us infinite blood and trouble and will cause more.

Of course there is no sense to it. Negroes are people, and like all other people they are good and bad. They have been horribly wronged by white folks. It is only about two generations since they were considered as cattle. Since their emancipation they have progressed wonderfully.

As a race they possess many valuable traits. They are peaceful, law-abiding, gentle, cheerful, industrious, funny, affectionate, and loyal.

There are vicious Negroes, but the Negro is incapable of the depths of organized and stubborn deviltry to which the white man can descend.

The Negro is a human being. As such he is

entitled to all the rights of any citizen of this country. If he commits a crime he ought to have his day in court.

The lynching of Negroes, and the accompanying creed that they are more bestial than whites, constitute one of the foulest blots upon our nation. It is on a level with Turks who slaughter Armenians, and Russians who massacre Jews.

We have just finished a war, and a war is always demoralizing. The echoes of its violence will be heard for a long time. But all this ugliness will pass.

The American people are fair. They respect and are genuinely fond of the Negro. He is, of course, different, but civilized people are interested in those who are different and learn from them. To despise a race because it is different is one of the chief marks of ignorant savagery.

HYMN TO THE FATHER OF SUMMER

PRAISE to the Father of Summer, and to the Lord God that makes sunshine.

He makes also warmth, and from warmth life, and from life joy, and from joy more life.

Thus the glad wheel of the earth rolls along its path through the spheres.

Glory to Summer! for my Phyllis loves me, and I love her, and she kisses me with the kisses of her mouth, and is favorable unto me.

Summer is for love, and fine days for laughter.

The children are playing in the meadow, they scream with delight, and roll upon the ground.

The little lambs leap up with all four feet at once.

The stallion breaks his halter and races down the field like splendid thunder.

The colts bow and twist and kick with their hind heels.

The kittens frolic, and the puppies run like mad after nothing at all.

The wind fingers the golden breast of the wheat, which trembles and heaves, for that it is

full of great tides of life; also hidden among the wheat are red poppies, as if some passionate secret.

Likewise the barley and timothy are high and of a sweet smell, and among them the partridge runs with her young.

Away up over the woods are three crows cawing: their rough cries of joy are well-nigh smothered in the infinite.

The cows lie in the shade of the great locust-tree and chew their cud, and their eyes are very serene.

The air is tense with insect life; flies scamper and swerve, devil's darning-needles dart and poise and dart again, grasshoppers leap, butterflies flutter, swarms of gnats thrid the spaces, and there is a droning of bees among the blossoms as they load themselves with plunder and fly home to build their golden masonry.

Among the alders the brook is gurgling with laughter, for it knows Phyllis's secret and mine, for upon its banks I told her; also a squirrel was listening and peeping, and when I kissed my Phyllis the squirrel ran away and told all the woods people.

So that now our love is known in all the nooks of the world; that is what the thrush yonder is singing about.

Therefore all the earth praises the Father of Summer, because Love is.

Love has come to me, and it has unlocked the heart of the cosmos, and shown me the Great White Throne of happiness.

All pain and sin and ugliness are not, for they are a dream, they are bracts that must fall from the sweet flower, they are but seeming.

Phyllis loves me, therefore I am wiser than all the sages, for the sum of knowledge is love.

Therefore do I praise the Father of Summer, Him that made the unending cycle of loving and living, of beasts, and birds, and insects, and the souls of men, and bathed them all in Summer.

Happy we two stand in the glad sun and praise the Father of Summer.

WORK

A CORRESPONDENT asks What To Do.

The answer is, Go To Work.

That is the only safe answer to so general a question.

There is no form of human activity nobler nor more necessary than that of providing food, clothing, shelter, and transportation for the race.

As Carlyle says: "Produce! In God's name, produce!"

The man who can be most certain that he is doing the will of the universe, helping some and hurting none, is the Business Man, which term includes all who labor with hand or brain to supply themselves and their fellows with the needs and wholesome enjoyments of life.

Such a man is the only one who is sure that he is not making mischief.

The writer, the poet, the artist, the preacher, the reformer, the politician, do not know. It may turn out they are doing more harm than good. Subsequent ages of wisdom may regard their efforts as hindrances to progress. They may simply have been in the road.

But whoever raises potatoes or wheat, or grinds flour, or bakes bread, or makes coats, or as a merchant brings these goods to the people, he only is undoubtedly moral.

And whoso teaches children how to control themselves and to co-operate with others for the Common Good, and to Work in fidelity and to keep themselves off other people's backs, the same shall be called greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

My correspondent feels surgings. She wants to devote her life to "doing good," or else to write about it. She feels that business would be a bit soiling, such as pounding the typewriter, teaching school, cooking, raising children, or sell-

Dear young lady, you're wrong. "Doing good," reforming the world and redeeming men from the error of their ways, and all that, is an overcrowded business.

If all the advisers of the race, including me, were to take a vacation and go to hoeing corn, the world would still stumble along. Men and women would still marry and have pretty babies, and honest folk prosper, and rogues come to grief, and blackberries ripen, and mankind generally go on making mistakes and getting over them and becoming wiser, sounder, sweeter, and decenter, until the millennium.

Go to work! Produce! So, only, you are surest you are not to become a nuisance.

God works. "My Father worketh hitherto,

and I work." He gave only Ten Commandments many centuries ago. But He works all the time, raising bees, growing grass for the cattle, carrying rain to parched fields, reddening apples and girls' cheeks, pushing rivers along, and by His chemistry turning all effete things again into wholesome life-makers.

Go thou and do likewise!

The only sensible advice to any young person is: "Do something for which the world is willing to pay you money. Take nothing you do not earn. Save of your surplus to take care of yourself when you are unable to work more. And be cheerful."

All else is vanity and vexation of spirit.

ALL EXCELLENCE IS RELATIVE

THERE is no such thing possible as equality. I am better than some men and worse than others. I excel any given man perhaps in some one way, but he will excel me, when I come to know him, in ten ways.

When Titian dropped his paint-brush, Charles the Fifth, master of half the world, picked it up and handed it to him, saying he was proud to wait upon a supreme genius. He felt himself lower than the artist in the realm of art, and doubtless the artist felt himself lower than the monarch in the realm of politics.

I have just met a man who can eat more in one meal than I can eat in three. I shall never be able to equal him in digestive power; yet I can talk English and he cannot.

You know more about world-affairs and books than your cook knows, but she can beat you at making a cherry-pie.

Epictetus was a Greek slave. Emperors were his disciples.

Pontius Pilate looked down from his throne upon the greatest man born of woman.

Spinoza ground lenses for a living. Any fat banker in Paris could have bought and sold him.

A wise man will never be proud, because he knows every man he meets is his superior in some way; and he will never be humiliated, because he knows that in some way he is superior to every man he meets.

Our gifts and capacities divide us and make us enemies.

"Against the superiority of another," said Goethe, "there is no remedy but love."

THE NEED OF CLIMAX

WHAT people want is climax. Money, work, play, and war taste good only as they supply needed climaxes.

The boy who is playing out behind my house stops every once in awhile and lets out a blood-curdling yell, apropos of nothing at all. The little girl jumps up and down and screams. That is what they call fun. And it is the only kind of fun there is.

Human nature is full of gunpowder. It must explode occasionally.

Man's progress is similar to that of an automobile, by a series of explosions.

In primal days he went out and wrestled with bears.

History is a series of wars. The dull populace enjoyed cutting one another's throats, "to relieve the pressure."

It is the peril of risk that makes business attractive. It is the edge of ruin that keeps the gambler going. It is the climax of living that lures the drunkard. It is the ecstasy that thrills the saint.

In formulating your excellent systems for this human race, don't forget the dynamite in it.

PEOPLE WHO WISH THEY WERE SOMEBODY ELSE

THOSE people who are always wishing they were not themselves but some one else—I should think that immortality would be for them a most unpleasant prospect.

For if there is to be any persistence of my life after death, it must be my own self, remembering and conscious of my past earthly life; for of course if this earth-life be entirely forgotten, then it is not immortality at all, but is tantamount to the creation of an entirely new personality.

And if I am dissatisfied with myself here all the time, what a bore it will be to prolong that condition forever!

No. Wrapped up in the very possibility of living on in the next world, is the feeling that I would rather be ME than any one else in the universe.

At the center of the soul is an intense egotism.

Our deepest love is for our own personality.

This is the "love of life." This is the moving cause of all struggles for civil or religious liberty.

And it is this feeling, meshed and rooted in the very subsoil of the soul, that keeps insisting on immortality.

I am far from satisfied with myself; but I am perfectly satisfied to be myself.

I shall dodge the river Lethe if I can.

I wouldn't forget my life, poor as it has been, for all possible future bliss. For, what use is anything, if there be no more ME?

THE THEATRE AND THE BOOK

THE theatre is an entirely different affair from the book.

The book appeals to the imagination; the theatre supplies the imagination. The first requires effort, the second none.

To highly intellectual persons, those endowed with vigorous creative powers, the stage is always a little disappointing. It does not stir them as does the book.

I remember that Horace Bushnell complained of the playing of Shakespeare, and insisted that it was more satisfactory to read his dramas than to see them performed; the acting and especially the scenery he thought crippled and offended the fancy one had already formed.

There is no doubt that the theatre is the most primitive form of amusement. It is the very best institution for interesting, impressing, and hence moulding the character of the populace.

And the moving-picture show, as the cheapest and most direct form of theatre, holds without any doubt the greatest possibilities for influencing

the public, whether in education, morals, or sentiment.

Let me have the cinematographs of a people, and I care not who writes their books, makes their laws, or preaches their gospel.

THERE IS NO ANSWER

By what strange twist was there put into the mind of man a desire to know the Answer, the End, the Reason Why, and all such definite conclusions, when in Nature and in Experience there are no such things? Life is like Wagner music; there are no closes, nothing ends in mi, re, do; things in the key of C, in life, are quite apt to end on F sharp, and in discord.

Old Heraclitus the Obscure maintained that nothing is, but that all things are a Becoming. And certain it is that life is very fluid, gaseous, free-flowing, without bonds, shapes, or confines.

Still, we have that thirst for conclusions. Finding none in reality, we invent them, and believe in them with the sublime stubbornness of those who know they do not know. Every novel must wind up at the port of marriage, "and they lived happily ever after." Every hymn must close with a bit of death and heaven. The school career must be crowned with commencement exercises. Every ocean voyage must be to some port. Every stroll must end at some door. Every game must

be won by somebody. To every puzzle there is a solution, and to every problem there is an answer.

And all the while, as a matter of fact, there is no answer, solution, door, haven nor rest at last. Life oozes on, and by and by slips away; we know not whence nor whither. The sea-murmurs, the sound of the wind in the trees, the call of the birds, the stridence of insects, the music of the spheres, if there be any, are aimless melodies; if we could hear Creation's Orchestra it would resemble Tristan and Isolde, not Home, Sweet Home.

To the Sage, the triumphant point of existence is Now.

WHAT CONSTITUTES GREATNESS?

WHAT is it to be great? Of course it isn't to Have anything, such as money or the things money can buy; and it isn't to be in any position, for some kings have been very small potatoes.

I like the old-fashioned division of man into intellect, will, and sensibility; not that there are any such compartments in reality, but it is convenient for argument.

My notion of a great man, therefore, is one, first, who has a great Intellect. By that I mean, not one that contains a great deal, but one that is vigorous and capable.

Such an Intellect distinguishes quickly between truth and humbug; sees each thing in its proper relations to other things; forms sound conclusions; acts quickly; is always fair and open; and never pretends to know when it does not know.

He should have also a great Will, which his desires should obey like well-trained dogs. Such a Will would get around every obstacle, should be strong as steam and tough as leather. It should co-ordinate all the man's forces so that he

should strike every opportunity with his whole personality.

And above all, he should have a great Heart. I cannot conceive of greatness that does not love greatly. He should have strong animalities, strong spiritualities, strong æsthetic impulses, strong ambitions—in a word, strong appetites of body and soul, all held in rein and driven by the Will, all guided by a clear-seeing Intelligence.

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN

WOMEN may be divided into two classes—anchors and sails. The understanding, of course, is that the good ship Man is our center of observation.

There are women who hold men down, and women who stir men up.

Whichever kind a man has he usually thinks that he might have amounted to more if he had had the other kind.

In many men's minds, and women's, too, dissatisfaction seems to resemble deep thinking.

If we cannot be profound, we can at least be unhappy, and flatter ourselves that we are great natures, misunderstood.

But there are some women who are champagne, and others who are sedatives.

And what a woman is to a man is a matter for the most part out of her control.

It lies in her spiritual bouquet, her soul's penumbra, the electric radio-dynamic of her personality.

A woman can mend her ways, and change her

mind, but she cannot alter the essence of her womanliness.

She is one kind or another, by the grace of God, and no soap and nitre can take off her born taint.

She can move her will about, as a sailor moves the rudder, and go this way or that; but no amount of steering and mastery can make a brig out of a schooner.

THE FLAVOR OF BEGINNINGS

The exquisite first taste! The rare aroma of never before! The charm of the new!

That first five minutes in bed! What sweetness in the first approaches of sleep! How the bed caresses you, and the call of weariness is answered by the luxury of rest!

The first half-inch of a cigar is the ideal smoke. The first sip of water when you're thirsty is as heaven's nectar. The first bite of food when you're hungry, that is the spiritual, idealized food, the rest is feeding.

The first kiss of love is better, diviner, than all the subsequent chapters of passion.

Were you ever in Paris? Do you remember the first day, when you stepped out of the train and got you a voiture in the hurly-burly and rode with your bags through the streets—it was all so new, so strange, so wonderful—imagination gilded the actual—never since has Paris seemed to you such an utterly foreign, wildly adventurous place.

And the first banquet you ever attended, the first theatre, the first ball, the first political meeting.

The ocean can never again be to you what it was that first day you saw it, a strange blue wall, that soon stretched out into immensity.

Oh, the ecstasy of first things! The curse of old age is that they become fewer and fewer. The rapture of youth is that there is opportunity for so many beginnings.

That first home, cheap and cramped, in a little flat, held more happiness than any mansion that since has been yours.

Babies, fuzzy chicks, kittens, puppies, new grass, pussy willows, greening trees in spring, the first snow of winter, about all of them hang rainbow tints of fairyland.

How we envy the youth that has yet to read for the first time "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Musketeers," or "Treasure Island"!

Why do fools pride themselves upon sophistication, upon having seen this and heard that and read the other? Theirs is the horror of having lost all firstness.

And you, green, awkward, embarrassed, cheer up! We old ones, that have seen it all, would give any money could we but have your inexperience, which alone gives the soul the rapture of first things.

THE MOMENT AFTER

The Moment After is fatal in its revealing.

When we relax after strenuous effort then the soul's lineaments are disclosed.

"Why is it," said a lady member of the congregation, "that our pastor preaches so divinely and seems in the pulpit to be inspired, but when you speak to him after the sermon he talks nothing but platitudes, and seems so dreadfully common?" She did not understand the tragedy of the Moment After. Really the preacher should never meet any one after a sermon, but should go lock himself up until Tuesday.

There is always something disappointing in going behind the scenes and meeting an actor or a musician after his performance. It is the height of disillusion.

In the crisis of battle the hero runs forward and performs incredible deeds of valor. While he was at it he was magnificent. When it is all over and he is back in camp and you talk to him about it he is sheepish as a school boy, and tongue-tied and ashamed as if he had been caught stealing apples.

It is a mistake to test people by the Moment After, and to suppose that a man's real self is to be discovered more truly when he is rubbing off grease paint in his dressing room than when he is on the stage defying Macduff and the devil.

As a matter of fact a man's individuality and peculiar genius come out only in the white heat of a great occasion; in the Moment After he sinks back into the level of common humanity.

When an Irishman was told that God can do anything he replied, "There is one thing God cannot do. He cannot make two hills without a valley between."

Life moves in waves. The greatest efficiency functions in rhythm. The only continuous effort is the effort of mediocrity. Genius is always uneven. It lives for crises. The intervals between these are as sleep or death.

It is well therefore to learn to appreciate people in their leisure moments, to be able to sit with one and be silent, to know how to wait upon your friend and be patient until the rare moment arrives.

Life has also its ebb tides.

It is worth while to live with a great man a year to see him take fire once.

The recoil of genius is sometimes appalling.

Do not be deceived by the Moment After.

Describing how he and some other friends sat up late indulging in a wonderful conversation and how they felt in the morning a novelist says:

"Thus, like children we rose; but it was shy as lovers we met at the breakfast table, as lovers shy after last night's kissing."

MY CREED

"I am a regular reader of your articles", writes a correspondent, "and I want to thank you for having done me much good.

"I wish you would some time write an article on your BELIEF.

"In reading what you write I am at a loss to get what your religious and political belief is."

There is more to this very kind and sincere letter, but the gist of it all is that the sender is anxious for me to "state my position."

Which I hereby do, with pleasure. I have stated it before, but it will do no harm to give it again.

I will not, however, indicate my church or political party, I wouldn't, even if I had one.

For most people think and feel in masses, not as individuals.

Their political or religious creed is not a conviction; it is a war-cry.

Still, I may say that religiously I am a believer in THE GREATEST COMMON DIVISOR OF ALL THE CHURCHES.

That is to say, there are certain things every church believes; for instance, that right is better than wrong, reverence is better than blasphemy or flippancy, cleanliness better than filth, honesty better than lies, kindness better than cruelty, and so on. These constitute the greatest common divisor.

Those items of belief peculiar to any one sect do not interest me. I neither believe nor disbelieve them; for I do not see that they make any matter, except to quarrel over.

I am more radical and dangerous than any sect, for I believe utterly in the idealism of Jesus, and that His teachings are not to be accommodated, bent, and conformed to "existing conditions", nor to anybody's notion of what is "practical."

I believe in democracy as wholly as I believe in Jesus's programme of idealism, for they amount to the same thing.

I believe that all progress is an unfolding of democracy.

I believe in democracy not only in the state, but also in the school, in business, in finance, in the family, in the church.

I believe the great mass of humanity has more sense and more religion than any piece or segment of it.

I reject unearned privilege and all irresponsible autocracy of any kind, anywhere.

I believe every child born into the world has a right to be supported and trained by the state

until he or she is of age, and that this would be the solution of nine-tenths of our criminal and industrial problems.

I do not believe in punishment of any kind.

I believe in life after death, because I love. Love is wholly inconsistent with annihilation.

I believe the secret of a life of happiness and poise lies in changing one's self and not trying to change other people and things. The secret of success is adjustment.

I believe life is good, that this world is beautiful and very wonderful, and that the most God-blessed thing in it is to love and be loved.

I believe that if we BELIEVED IN FOLKS, trusted them and ESTABLISHED CONDITIONS OF ECONOMIC JUSTICE; in other words, if WE GAVE EVERYBODY A SQUARE DEAL, we would have mighty little use for prisons, philanthropies, endowments, regulations, prohibitions, hanging, and hurting.

In a word, I believe in love and justice, and believe that hate and injustice are of the devil.

So mote it be!

THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS

On Thursdays and Saturdays I am good; that is, some seasons, when the moon is full and the weather is not too humid.

I see the beauties of poverty, of renunciation, of fasting, of the pure spiritual life—Thursdays and Saturdays.

I am fond of Maeterlinck and William James, I read Tolstoy and Browning, I go in for the esoteric stuff, and am enthusiastic about New Thought—Thursdays and Saturdays.

Fridays and every other Tuesday I believe in authority, admire uniforms, respect the venerable church, and see how necessary it is that we all conform. Certain Wednesdays, from nine to eleven-thirty P. M., I am an anarchist, and want to break everything down and blow everything up.

When the wind is in the south I am a vegetarian, and also loathe coffee, alcohol, tobacco, pepper and all other condiments and titillants; but when the wind veers around to the east I am prone to beefsteak and hilarity; while of what I want to do when the wind is a bit west by northwest the less said the better.

If I write my creed I must needs date it.

If I confess my tastes and leanings I should add: "Burn this letter!"

Consistency is more than a jewel. It is a collection of jewels.

Yet I admire men of fixed principle, stern men and stubborn men. I am so myself—Thursdays and Saturdays.

I read the arguments for preparedness and am convinced and vote for more battleships and soldiers. But next morning I am for peace.

I adore blondes—Friday afternoon from two to six.

I believe in saving money, and of every bit I receive I always put a part in the savings bank, and I buy baby bonds, and I am very economical, and keep a strict account in my little vest pocketbook of all my minute expenses, and add up at the close of each day, and see wherein I can retrench on the morrow, and dream of buying mortgages like Galloway—Thursdays and Saturdays.

(So we'd better have our little dinner on Friday.)

I condemn the nude in art, and over-realism in literature and too broad plays at the theatre, and jokes that are a trifle off, and too much decollete, and skirts not close enough to the ground, and modern dancing, and all naughtiness and quasi-semi-naughtiness—on Thursdays and Saturdays.

I believe in the simple life—just a raw ear of

green corn and a cucumber for breakfast, and a glass of buttermilk for lunch, and a cup of imitation coffee and a tune on the victrola for supper—Thursdays and Saturdays.

And the outdoor life, and deep breathing, and chewing thirty-two times before swallowing, and walking miles every day, and not worrying, and always smiling—Thursdays and Saturdays.

I am dependable, what I believe I believe, you know just exactly where to find me—Thursdays and Saturdays.

So good-by! Come and see me. Any time. I'm always glad to see you. Say Thursday or Saturday.

WHAT SIGRID THOUGHT A LADY IS

I have received this letter, which, in its way, is a classic. And I want to publish it about as it is written, in the hope that it may reach the eyes and touch the heart of the women who need it.

It is but another eloquent instance of how much just a little of the juice of human kindness means in this world; of how all our problems, from getting along with servants, through getting along with children, workmen, neighbors and friends, up to getting along with nations, depend on injecting a little plain humanity into the situation. Here's the letter:

"I am only a working girl, but I feel I must write to you, because you talk so plainly to all sorts of people, and you could write something in the paper which maybe the ladies would read, and it would help us girls who now have it so hard.

"Why is it that most of the ladies we work for seem to be so cross and hateful to us girls? Is it because we do their work that they cannot treat us kindly?

"If they only knew how much more work we

would do, and how much better we could do it, when we are allowed to go about it happy!

"We don't always know how to do right, but why don't the ladies tell us in a nice way? We would be glad to please them.

"I thought a lady was a woman with a kind heart. Why do they speak to us so unkindly?

"I would do anything for one who is kind to me, but when people scold me I feel I would like to run away and cry. Then I forget to do my work right, because I am unhappy.

"I pick up your paper as I get it downstairs, and I read your writings. 'The Girl and the Game' I almost know by heart now.

"I don't know your address, but I send this to the newspaper office, and maybe they will send it to you.

"Yours truly, SIGRID, a Working Girl."

—

Dear little Sigrid! If you get this copy of the paper, and take it up to your narrow bedroom, and read it by your flickering gas jet, I want you to know I have done my best to send your human cry as far out over this broad humanity as my words go.

May heaven soften your mistress's heart and show her how much her own pleasure in life may be increased by simply being kind! Perhaps she doesn't realize.

One of your sentences let us hope she reads, a

wonderful sentence that might well be written on the mirror's face in every lady's boudoir:

"I thought a lady was a woman with a kind heart."

Would God that were the definition of a lady!

And, O Lady who reads this, will you not try to measure up to Sigrid's mark for you?

THE CLOCK STROKE

Listen!

The clock is about to strike. It is upon midnight, December the thirty-first. The year is dying. Its pulses grow fainter. But a little space now and it will be dead, dead and gone forever.

We will have to put it away with all the other dead things, good and bad, that have lived with us.

What a lot of burying there is to be done in this world, first and last! Some of them we are glad to get under the sod; our follies, for instance; our blunders, our acts of cowardice and meanness, our crass greeds and ugly lusts, our nasty egotisms, our absurd failures. Thank heaven there is a past, a big, yawning, capacious past, for all such!

Thank heaven for forgetfulness, sweet, soothing forgetfulness! What a beautiful word forget is, in all its persons, moods, and tenses! Come, let us decline it, in concert, as the old clock clears its throat to say twelve.

I forget, thou wilt forget, he has forgotten; she

might, could, would, or should forget; we shall or will have forgotten; you may forget; they, you, I, we, everybody forget (imperative) right now a thousand little things and a few big things that have worked wretchedness in our hearts this year, like worms in the bud!

Forget it, little boy, that your father spoke sharply to you and pushed you from him but yesterday when you ran up eagerly with wide arms and a hundred smiles at once. When I look at you now, asleep there in your bed, and your hand doubled up by your chubby cheek, I am amazed at my small patience, at my lack of greatness.

Forget it, woman of my heart, if ever one motion, gesture, glance, or thought of love from you started toward me and was frozen back! Forget! Don't forgive. When you forgive the sting and swelling remain. Oh, if we could forget, and root the whole matter out, so that it should be as if it had never occurred!

There be those that say they can forgive but not forget. God pity 'em! I want a deeper pit than forgiveness to bury my dead vermin of trouble in.

The greater the soul the greater its power to forget. I would like a forgettery wide as the ocean, deep as hell. I want a forgetting apparatus overwhelming as a flood and clean as fire.

And when I come to go, let my prayer be Wordsworth's:

"Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven
Effaced forever!"

Come! The clock strikes. It is low twelve. Let us set fire to the past year, and burn it over as a farmer his last year's stubble; and get ready for our spring planting.

THE SNOWS OF YESTERDAY

Everybody who writes ought to write once in his life upon the pathos of passing things.

All who live ought to reflect at times on them that once lived and now are gone.

All bright eyes owe at least two tears to the memory of eyes forever dulled, all red and smiling lips one melancholy word to those whose beauty is dust and whose utterance is silence.

The rapscallion Francois Villon, in whose wayward mind burned the strange Prometheus fire of genius, said, for the first time as far as we know, those tragic words of most universal appeal:

"Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?" ("But where are the snows of yesteryear?")

Since then the subtle appeal has been repeated by every poet, has been felt by every soul capable of musing; as Omar speaks of "the rose of yesterday" and Sir Thomas Browne of "forgotten faces."

Who can be wholly insensible to the dumb message of the graveyard, green and white, even though it comes to him as a faint, inchoate whisper,

knocks at his heart's door as ghosts knock, and is no more understandable than the wind's voice?

Who, as he goes about his business, does not sometimes think of them once as active as he, now forever quiet, as quiet as those that are not yet born? They too hoped, were eager, struggled, wondered, laughed, lusted, and repented. We but repeat. Life is a huge wheel that goes round and round. Why does not the universe grow tired of the unceasing repetition?

Who that reads history has not wondered over the deep silence now of such boiling forces as Cæsar and Charlemagne? How can such energy resolve into such utter emptiness?

Into whose consciousness has not that awful word of the Raven penetrated, as he stands by a once vigorous and life-loving friend now touched by the mystery of Death? Who has not felt the creeping paralysis of that word "Nevermore"?

When we hear all the street whistling "Tipperary", do we ever think of forgotten melodies? What songs did they sing at Roncesval; what ditties in light-hearted Greece as the roisterers passed by the house of Aspasia? What airs and cadences diverted them that loitered and dined in the Hanging Gardens, or watched the young moon in the Grove of Daphne?

"As to me, I have often thought", writes Vernon Lee, "that were I a poet I would write a bal-

lad sadder, sweeter, and more skeptical even than Villon's, which I should call the Ballad of Dead Tunes."

And dead loves? In the hour of love's flame, do we think of the loves that are gone, as the hot sun of yesterday has gone into the cool night?

Dear, dead women, with such hair, too—what's become
of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and
grown old.

And dead houses! The ruined castle at Heidelberg, now dwelt in by bats, and grown over by ivy! The Colosseum, so gaunt and hollow-eyed and chill with echoing emptiness, and once full of what welter of myriad-throated crowds, palpitant and eager on the benches, and in the arena what dust and lust, fury and straining and horror, such as the world will never see again!

Dead loves, dead songs, dead houses! Dead kings and courtesans, priests and pirates, clutching millionaires and fawning beggars, all swept away, and the stage cleaned for us in our time to play our parts!

And dead souls, with no hope, no enthusiasm, no vigor of life, nothing but a little of the paltry precipitate of life, as a handful of ashes are left upon the hearth!

What a confusing phantasmagoria it all is—we

and those that once were, those that lived as we now live,

Till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun!

THE PRICE OF VISION

Yes, said the old man, I see, I understand, but at what a price!

Through the stormclouds of youth I can glimpse the calm sunset. Through hot angers and strident passions I can detect the cool note of the peace that is to come when the ebullience has died down.

Through wars I can see the onward step of civilization, that inestimable progress for which so bitter a toll was demanded.

Through the night of petulance, resentments, misunderstandings and lovers' quarrels I see the oncoming dawn of reconciliation.

Through the muddy waters of ignorance I perceive the approach of wisdom, and through the fires of sin the revealing of the fine gold.

Through life and its turmoil I see death and its rest, and through death the unfolding of the great adventure.

But I have paid for my vision with my youth, and with my strength have I paid for my understanding.

I am old and frail and broken. For vision, that pearl of great price, I have squandered all my forces:

"Tears
Are in mine eyes, and in mine ears
The murmur of a thousand years."

I have something of the wisdom the gods have, but they on Olympus are happily born to it, while to gain it I have ground my heart between the upper and nether millstones of experience.

"The gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes,
And see below them
The earth and men.
These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labor!
O prince, what pain!
Such a price
The gods exact for song;
To become what we sing."

For what has Destiny equipped me? What career had the gods in mind in my education, and why the extravagant cost of my understanding?

Answer me, Springtime and Easter, hatching eggs, young grass, leaping lambs and all things

new-born! Answer me, O eternal hope of immortality that through generations of dying men has refused to leave the human breast! Answer me, O bird of bright belief, that each year builds its nest in the ruins of life!

Is it because I am prepared for some reincarnation wherein my richness of experience will not be wasted? Have I another youth before me, in some kindlier sphere, where I can love and do and live, not like a blind fool, stumbling forward only in passionate mistakes, but nobly, serenely rounding out the magnificent instincts of my soul?

> "Below the surface stream, shallow and light,
> Of what we say we feel—below the stream,
> As light, of what we think we feel—there flows
> With noiseless current strong, obscure and deep,
> The central stream of what we feel indeed."

I can hear that noiseless current of truth now. I sense the actual. I see. I know. I understand.

But at what a price!

And, I wonder, what for?

A WOMAN'S PRICE

I wish I could say something to you, women, to make you realize your worth and the high prices you ought to set on yourself. Do you know you are the one thing in this world the man wants most of all? He may give his time and labor and money for other things, but for you he will give his soul.

You are just that expensive—higher priced than rubies and diamonds, a deeper necessity than bread, a greater luxury than yachting and limousines, the cause of a more irresistible want than whisky or drugs; in fine, the most valuable commodity in the market of the world.

Why cheapen yourself?

Why give away a handclasp wantonly when it might nerve a man to success? Why squander your kiss when it might be the price of a man's soul, unleash his feet from a bad habit, and win him to nobility?

You depreciate yourself. You say you amount to nothing, and that it makes no difference what you do.

Every woman is a battery of electric purpose, or might be. Every woman is a ladder let down from heaven for some man. Every woman is a life-preserver that may save some man from going under in the sea of despond.

Whatever else you may hear of "the mission of woman," and of what she might do in the field of politics, or business, or art, the biggest business, after all, for woman, the most inalienable of her privileges, is to make men be real men, and to make children be sons of God.

Hold up the price! Make him pay! Let him realize that the road to your love, the way to your smiles and kisses, is the highway of greatness.

Do you know what you were put into this world for? It was to make men great.

Make him pay!

Not money, nor flattery, nor favors. These be cheap counterfeits. They mean nothing, or worse.

But make him pay in Truth and Honor and Strength and Loyalty and Fineness. He will pay the price, if you stand out for it. Be firm! Drive a hard bargain!

You have but one thing to sell. It is Yourself. Make him pay—Himself!

Learn these lines of Coventry Patmore:

"Oh wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How she has cheapened Paradise!

How sold for naught her priceless gift!
He spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

WOODCRAFT

I wonder if my dream is coming true.

For one of my oldest and fondest dreams is a University of Outdoors.

In it the children of the cities should wander the ways of woodland, river, and seashore. They should be guided and taught by souls that love them. They should learn through play. Their teachers would not give them books, but inspiration. They should study the secrets of the rocks and plants at their feet, and make acquaintance with the stars above their heads; they should be as healthy as young panthers, and learn to love the rain, and partake of that joy of overcoming which is the note of youth and health.

The school should keep in summer time, when now there is vacation, and all the wild out of doors should be filled with the laughter of young life.

Some day we will get over the notion that the way to educate children is to coop them up in stuffy rooms, plunge their noses into books and burden them with the knowledge of things for which when they grow up they will have no mortal use.

And here comes to my desk the Manual of the Woodcraft League, of which that sturdy apostle of outdoors, Ernest Thompson Seton, is the Big Chief.

I get every new edition of this Manual, for it renews my youth. It answers such questions as these—can you answer them?

Why does the rabbit put his hind feet down ahead of his front feet?

Do you know the bitter bread buried under Jack-in-the-pulpit, and how to make it sweet?

Can you tell what the Woodchuck does one day in winter?

Can you see a bird when you hear its note?

Do you know how to choose a camp site, how to cook over the open fire, and how to make a fire without matches?

The Woodcraft League leads the children back to the loving presence of nature, the all-mother. It teaches them weather signals, sign language, how to buy supplies for camping and how to live in the open, what wild plants are edible, how to tie knots, how to read picture writing, to blaze signs on trees and give smoke signals, all about snakes, good and bad, and about the common wild flowers, and the different forest trees, and how to tell a mushroom from a toadstool. And if your mouth does not water at the list you are not human.

Think of this, you boys and girls imprisoned in

cities! And think of this, you older victims, who have passed forty and do not know slippery elm from hickory, and cannot tell a robin from a woodpecker; nay, even have no friends among the stars and look upon the flowers of the woods and meadows, which have a grace and tender beauty that no hothouse products can rival, as weeds and vulgar negligibles!

And if so be you repent of your sins and omissions, communicate with Seton, otherwise known as Black Wolf, or get the Woodcraft Manual and a whiff of outdoors.

GET RIGHT

Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right.

Every compromise with wrong means the whole issue will by and by be up again.

Think of that, nations. When you make a treaty of peace that contains any injustice, you have left there the seed of another war.

When you have passed a law that is not just, you have advertised for revolution.

Think of that, judges. When you hand down a decision that is not just, you have provoked, not settled, litigation.

Think of that, churches. When you preach a doctrine that is not truth, some day you will be shamed and smitten. When by any custom or authority you compound with sin, instead of stopping it, you are no more shepherds, but wolves.

Think of that, citizens. When you have elected officials and established conditions that mean graft and fraud, then no matter how your city flourishes, no matter what its proud buildings and beautiful parks, its prosperity and shine, there is trouble ahead, and open disgrace.

Nothing is settled until it is settled right.

The only way to go, if you would keep on going, is to go straight.

Find out the facts, and build on them.

Get at the truth, and stick to it.

See what is honest, and go that path.

This isn't religion, nor preaching, nor old man's advice. It's plain horse sense.

Think over it, lovers, before you marry. Many a marriage has failed because underlying the contract there was deception and not truth, selfishness and not self-mastery, passion only and not justice.

There is but one rock upon which any human agreement can stand, when the storm comes and the winds blow, and that rock is the right.

What's wrong's rotten; and the fairer it seems the rottener it is.

All the world labors and seethes until the right is found.

You cannot build the structure of peace for capital and labor, for employer and employed, for buyer and seller, for government and governed, until you have dug down to ultimate justice and laid your foundation upon that granite base.

There can be no liberty without truth; for it is written, "The truth shall set you free."

There can be no peace without justice. For to those who make peace that carries with it injustice, comes the eternal cry of the prophet: "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people

slightly, saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Get right with your neighbor, your wife, your husband, your child, your workmen, your employer, your fellow citizen, your self; get right with nature and her even and invariable laws, with truth and its white clarities, with mercy and its insistent appeal, with love and its deathless claims, and with God and His unchanging will.

Get right, or disaster awaits you in the womb of tomorrow.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My dear Mabel:—I thank you for your recent letter asking for my autobiography to read before your woman's club. I am glad to get a chance to show you what a real autobiography ought to be. Nobody cares when Soandso was born, or where, nor when he married, nor what was his college. What people want to know is some such matter as follows:

The subject of this sketch is a husky male person about six feet tall, with no visible deformities.

He owns two fountain pens, neither of which works very well.

Sometimes he writes with a pencil, and owns a patent pencil sharpener; you poke the pencil in one end and turn a crank at the other; it's grand.

He does not operate a typewriter, but makes all his words by hand.

He has a secretary, who writes all his articles on a machine. She also answers the telephone, knits for soldiers, buys Liberty Bonds, and tells her boss she wouldn't write that if she were he. He has never taken her out to lunch.

He cannot add nor subtract with any degree of uniformity, hence his secretary keeps tally in the check book.

He was married young, and his wife has been on the job steady ever since.

He reads everything he writes when it is in print. He is his favorite author.

He belongs to several clubs, but does not go to them.

His father was a Methodist preacher; still, he has never been in jail.

He is very lazy, fond of anything habit-forming, plays chess poorly, wears an eight shoe and a sixteen and a quarter collar, smokes cigars that cost two and eight-tenths cents apiece, loves expensive soft shirts, likes to have his feet rubbed, uses an incredible amount of matches, goes to the theatre when he gets free tickets, but pays to see the movies; is always ahead of time at breakfast, and his favorite fruit is Casaba melon.

The authors he admires most are Maeterlinck, Anatole France, J. Brierly, Pater, Symons, and Conan Doyle.

His favorite magazine used to be The Independent, before they improved it. He buys at the newsstand every week detective stories, The Saturday Evening Post, and Collier's, and reads all the mystery stories.

He loathes sex-soaked literature.

Ditto the whole bellyache school of writers.

He'd rather sit in the kitchen than in any room in the house.

He has an automobile, but never touches it, and believes all the chauffeur tells him about it, when he understands, which is not often.

He does not belong to anything, but believes in the underlying principles of most revolutionary movements, such as anarchy, socialism, single-tax, land-currency, birth control, woman's rights, the Gary system, and Christianity.

He answers every letter he receives, when he can make out the sender's name and address.

He does not go to banquets unless he is paid for it, and attends meetings only on the same terms.

He writes for a living, and is not ashamed to take money from the capitalistic press.

In conclusion, it may be said of him, as Bill Nye said of himself, that he is of a cheerful disposition, and pleasant to be thrown amongst; also that in the morning he wears morning dress, in the evening he wears evening dress, and at night he wears a night dress.

THE IMMORALITY OF NATURE

Back to nature may mean many beautiful and desirable things, but it does not mean morality. The prevailing notion is that the city is the centre of all corruption, while out on the farm or amid the primeval forests all is pure and wholesome.

Which is precisely the reverse of the truth. Morality is a product of the town. Civilization is of the cross-roads. A nation is law-abiding and gentle in proportion to its railroad facilities.

Before ever the white man came from Europe the noble Indian roamed these parts. From most of the sentimental literature on the subject you would suppose that the high-minded redskin occupied himself, in those days before the Caucasian had contaminated him, with stalking about with folded arms, worshipping the Great Spirit and composing vers libre to the sunset, while his squaw gathered the bluebells from the river's bank and threaded them in garlands gay.

Alas, nix! Said Lo was mostly busy crouching behind a tree waiting for a gentleman friend to come along whose face he did not like, to chop him

in the head, or attending peradventure the advent of some dusky Juanita that struck his fancy, to grab her by the mane and drag her to his tepee. In other words, the children of nature were bloody villains and vigorous white slavers, to such an extent that the only way civilized folk could get along with them was to tuck them under the sod or confine them to reservations.

Nature is not moral. To revert to nature would be to go back to anarchy, the primacy of Big Muscle.

As I write this I am up in the Catskills sitting on a porch with Bliss Carman, at Moonshine Lodge, looking out over what is one of the most wonderful views in the known world. Somebody in the party has said that this is a good place to read a book or write poetry. This is not true.

I can't do anything here but sit and gaze. I am paralyzed by the immensity and glory of the ocean of verdure around me, by a sky of infinite light, and a far vista down the cove, of a landscape that looks like Beulah land. It's all too much for me.

I can't read. I can't write. There's too much going on in heaven and on earth around me.

About the only thing one can do well in such surroundings is to make love. One could hold hands and gaze at the moon and sigh and talk nonsense excellently. And I suspect that is what nature is up to. She's an old matchmaker after all. And I don't believe she belongs to the church.

Carman says he writes his poetry here. I don't believe it. He probably locks himself in his bedroom to write. Anyway, he's a blessed heathen.